

NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents

May 23, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Willmoore Wheeler Rides Again

PETER CRUMPET

Three Important New Books

The Roots of Capitalism; Germany and the East-West Crisis;

The Evolution of a Conservative: reviewed by

ROBERT M. BLEIBERG • JOHN CHAMBERLAIN • E. MERRILL ROOT

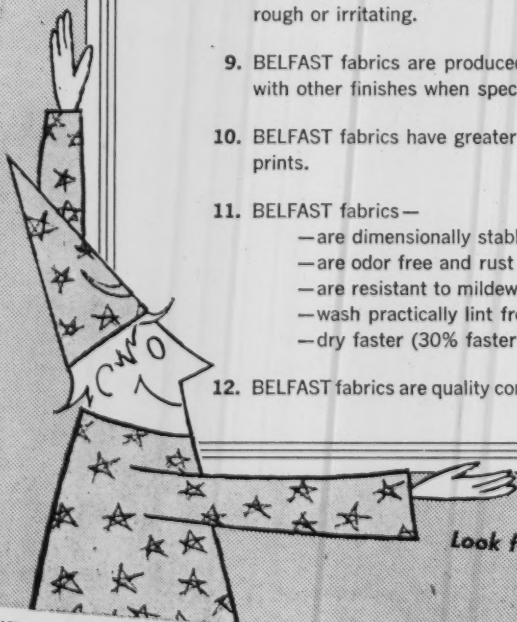
Articles and Reviews by L. BRENT BOZELL
ALICE-LEONE MOATS • WALTER DARNELL JACOBS
ANTHONY LEJEUNE • RUSSELL KIRK • JAMES BURNHAM

Late in 1958, the scientists at the Deering Milliken Research Corporation successfully modified the chemical structure of the cotton fiber on a commercial basis. This great **SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH** led to the introduction of **"BELFAST" SELF-IRONING FABRICS**—the first truly permanent self-ironing cotton fabric ever produced. **"BELFAST" SELF-IRONING FABRICS** are completely different from any other "wash 'n' wear", "no iron" fabrics. Here's why.

The Magic Properties of **"BELFAST"** SELF-IRONING FABRIC

THE FIRST TRULY PERMANENT SELF-IRONING COTTON FABRIC EVER PRODUCED

1. BELFAST processed cottons are not "just a finish", but an entirely new fabric—the product of a permanent modification of the cotton fiber itself.
2. BELFAST fabrics retain all the natural good features of cotton fabric while adding unprecedented flat dry performance and many other features.
3. BELFAST self-ironing performance is permanent for the life of the fabric—can't wash out!
4. BELFAST fabrics can be washed by hand, by automatic machine, INCLUDING SPIN DRY, or by commercial laundries without the loss of their self-ironing properties.
5. BELFAST fabrics are absolutely non-chlorine retentive and even have a built in resistance to degradation caused by chlorine bleaches superior to that of untreated cotton fabrics.
6. BELFAST fabrics remain whiter than untreated cottons—no matter how many launderings.
7. BELFAST fabrics release dirt and soil much more rapidly than untreated cotton when washed.
8. BELFAST fabrics are soft and smooth against the skin, more comfortable to wear—never rough or irritating.
9. BELFAST fabrics are produced by a non-resinous process, yet are perfectly compatible with other finishes when special features are desired.
10. BELFAST fabrics have greater color value in dyeing or printing—offer clear definition of prints.
11. BELFAST fabrics —
 - are dimensionally stable
 - are odor free and rust resistant
 - are resistant to mildew and bacterial degradation
 - wash practically lint free
 - dry faster (30% faster than ordinary cotton)
12. BELFAST fabrics are quality controlled through strict "policing" by rigid licensing program.



*Look for BELFAST cottons in apparel, sheets and pillowcases,
or by-the-yard at better stores everywhere.*

© "BELFAST" is the registered trade-mark of Deering Milliken Research Corp., for self-ironing fabrics.

"This new product is a development of the Deering Milliken Research Corporation."

*Patents applied for on product and process.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamberlain Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall Frank S. Meyer
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Priscilla L. Buckley Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov,
John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis,
A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess,
John D. Kreuttnier, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews,
Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root,
Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen,
Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: William M. Hayes

CONTENTS MAY 23, 1959 VOL. VII, NO. 6

THE WEEK 68

ARTICLES

Willmoore Wheeler Rides Again Peter Crumpet 77
Gomulka's Poland Alice-Leone Moats 81

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 67
National Trends L. Brent Bozell 74
The Third World War James Burnham 76
Letter from London Anthony Lejeune 84
From the Academy Russell Kirk 85
To the Editor 92

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Genius of Capitalism Robert M. Bleiberg 86
Germany and the West John Chamberlain 87
A Conservative Odyssey E. Merrill Root 88
Arthur Miller in Moscow Walter Darnell Jacobs 90
Books in Brief 91

VERSE

Irreverent Thought W.A.R. 83

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges pending at Orange, Conn.). Copyrighted 1959 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Changes of address, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

CIRCULATION DEPT.

National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn.
RATES: \$15.00 a year (\$8.00 for the 32-page issues, and \$7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at \$12.00 a year. In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, National Review is available to students and teachers at the special rate of \$4.00 a year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

Soviet Premier Khrushchev is planning to come to the United States—possibly to a Summit conference, most probably to officiate at the Russian Trade Fair in New York City. No announcement planned—until the public can be prepared for the visit.

Eight thousand Tibetan refugees entered India in the period between November 1958 and April 1959. News was withheld until after the Dalai Lama's escape. Another 5,000 have reached India in past six weeks despite efforts of Reds to seal the border. . . . Russian military "observers" flocking into Tibet. . . . A post-Tibet boycott of Red China goods has left Hong-Kong, trans-shipping center for Red China exports, saturated with goods that have no place to go.

Hearings on legislation to extend the Government's security program to non-sensitive jobs now being held in Washington, but sponsors of the measure doubt it will ever get out of committee. . . . A spot check of executives at the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council meeting in Hot Springs, Virginia, showed most of them for Nixon over Rockefeller. . . . New York Liberal Democrats seething over characterization by Bronx leader Charles Buckley of Mrs. Roosevelt at annual Democratic \$100-a-plate dinner. Buckley called her "the Oleomargarine Queen—a real yellow phoney." . . . ADA boss Joseph L. Rauh Jr., at annual convention, said "it would not be impossible" for the ADA to endorse Rockefeller for President if the Republicans nominated him. . . . Introduced in the House, a resolution recommending the establishment of diplomatic relations with "the republics of Ukraine and Byelorussia," a needling operation to expose the sham of the Ukrainian and Byelorussian representation in the United Nations.

The Communist line in Latin America is that the United States fomented the Cuban-based invasion of Panama to embarrass Fidel Castro. . . . Castro has set up public "denunciation centers," clearing houses for derogatory information about persons now held in prison against whom the government has been able to gather no direct first-hand information. . . . A recent poll in England indicates 40 per cent of the people oppose any further nationalization of the economy, only 17 per cent favor it. . . . Question: What's the source of the "public relations" money spent in behalf of foreign aid and how much does it cost?

The WEEK

● Ghanaese newsmen anxious to get the record straight before they lean too heavily on their constitutionally guaranteed freedom of the press, asked Information Minister Kofi Baako to elaborate on the point the other day. And this is how the interview went, according to the *New Statesman and Nation*.

PRESS SPOKESMAN: We may think we're writing in good faith, but then it turns out the laws say we aren't.

KOFI BAAKO: Sit down at your desk and write for the country's good.

SPOKESMAN: I mean, what are the limits of comment, of free comment in this country? How wide are the limits we mustn't cross?

BAAKO: The limits—they're as wide as the law. So long as one is within the law no one will be punished.

Which is Ghanaese, we suppose, for Ask a foolish question and you'll get a foolish answer.

● Mr. Harry Truman had another engagement, he said, which is why he could not dine at the White House with Winston Churchill. And then, very pointedly, he invited the press to understand that he had prevaricated—just to make *absolutely* certain that President Eisenhower realized he was being snubbed. Now it is an old story that Harry Truman has been sore at Dwight Eisenhower ever since Eisenhower proceeded to win an election in the wake of a national revulsion against the Administration of the incumbent: that much is not news. What is news, and will make things *extremely* confusing, is Mr. Truman's telling reporters that he is *not* telling the truth. Such a statement would lead students of Mr. Truman to suspect that in telling us he is not telling the truth he is not telling the truth. . . . Did he *really* have an engagement that kept him from the White House? "Where are you going?" the Armenian said to his old friend, whom he stumbled across at the railroad station, in the classic story. "I am going to Minsk." "Now look here, Boris. When you tell me you are going to Minsk, you know you mean me to believe you are going to Pinsk. But I happen to know you *are* going to Minsk. Now why do you want to lie to an old friend?" Is Mr. Truman trying to confuse us?

● On the Collaborationist Front: A one and one-third page advertisement in major newspapers, courtesy of Linus Pauling, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, A. J.

Muste, James Imbrie, Stringfellow Barr, Lewis Mumford, Stuart Chase, Erich Fromm, Freda Kirchwey, C. Wright Mills, David Riesman, reprinting a *Saturday Review* article in which old-Socialist Norman Thomas severely castigates the United States for our failure as seekers after peace since 1945, to wit: 1) As to disarmament: We have taken part in disarmament negotiations, "but more to placate world opinion than to arrive at meaningful agreements." The Soviets have been difficult, true, but our record on disarmament is "far from perfect." 2) As to the policy of containment: It is a failure and should be abandoned since "we will not be ruined nor will the Soviet Union be essentially more dangerous to our peace if this or that of the Asian or African states should go Communist from within." 3) As to Red China: "We are in a danger from an embittered Communist China excluded from the UN far greater than from a China within it." 4) As to Berlin: "What [Khrushchev] wants is a German peace treaty" but not within the framework of a reunited and rearmed Germany allied to NATO. We should give Khrushchev his German peace treaty; agree to the demilitarization of both Germanys and the withdrawal of occupation forces; force Bonn to accept the Oder-Neisse line as a *de facto* frontier; recognize, in effect, the Communist government of East Germany; and let reunification be postponed "until the Germans themselves can ultimately work it out." 4) As to Hungary: nothing. 5) As to Tibet: nothing.

● Very shortly after President Eisenhower was struck down in Denver, in September 1955, when it was universally assumed he would not run again for the Presidency the following year, Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin announced the qualifications for the President's successor. First among these was a public record of never having been pro-Robert Taft. Beyond that, he listed enough qualifications and disqualifications to narrow the field considerably—to himself and Albert Schweitzer, if we remember correctly. Last week, former Governor McKeldin, who nominated General Eisenhower for President at the Chicago Convention in 1952, and ever after visited upon conservative Republicans the full measure of his contempt, was beaten in a race against a conservative (who happens to be a Democrat) for mayor of Baltimore—so decisively that it is commonly agreed that the ship of state will have, henceforward, to make its way down the seas of history without the guidance of Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin.

● A year ago the United States had only to be mentioned in many parts of Asia to evoke a reaction of hate, mistrust and fear. Responding to these emo-

tions, the nations of Asia were taking a neutralist—which meant in the case of China pro-Communist—line. But today, sentiment in Asia appears to be swinging toward the United States. Now it is Red China that is distrusted. Her attacks on Quemoy and Matsu, her inhuman commune plan, the rape of Tibet, have combined to sweep the cataracts from the eyes of many who now see that it is only the deterrent of American armed forces and the determination of the American government that keeps the Dragon at bay. It is by standing firm that we are winning friendship, and respect, in the Orient.

● At that pleasant moment in mid-morning when the American pauses to have a cup of coffee, the Englishman a cup of tea, and the Frenchman a *petit rouge*, things really start jumping in Moscow. On goes the communal radio, up from desks and lathes leap the workers (everyone from seventeen to seventy), and it's up, down, heave, stretch, reach, bend, "straighten that back," "touch that toe"; exercise, Comrades, for the greater fulfillment of the Seven Year Plan. To the cheery voice of Comrade Diskjockey N. Gordeev and his tuneful pianoforte, all of Russia now exercises for ten minutes every morning. Well, that's the dictatorship of the proletariat for you. What d'you suppose would happen if Bethlehem Steel tried to write such a provision into its next contract?

● Professor Morris Zelditch, a sociologist from Columbia University, and Professor Iago Galdston, a psychiatrist from Columbia University, delivered some scholarly observations at a public rally in New York the other night in favor of compulsory fluoridation. Said Dr. Zelditch: "[Fluoridation opponents] can be characterized largely as lower-middle class persons disturbed over their rank in society. They belong to the so-called 'radical right' that tends to support fascist and neo-fascist movements and to oppose authority in general." Said Dr. Galdston: "[They are] individuals who just oppose. . . . The sort of person who would strike a match across a No Smoking sign." Says NATIONAL REVIEW: Drs. Zelditch and Galdston sound a little cuckoo. Been drinking too many fluorides?

● CAN YOU BEAR IT? DEPARTMENT: From a news dispatch: "Dr. Harold Taylor, who is retiring as president of Sarah Lawrence College, will be guest of honor at a dinner to be held in the Hotel Waldorf Astoria on Thursday, May 21. The theme of the dinner will be 'The Liberal Spirit in American Life.' Edward R. Murrow will preside. Speakers will include Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, Archibald MacLeish, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt." Tickets can be reserved through NATIONAL REVIEW.

Communists Don't Negotiate

Since Teheran and Yalta days the Western leaders have learned a good deal about the Communists. They no longer go wreathed in a cloud of good will to conferences wherein they expect the rumpled problems of the world to be happily ironed out. They now know in advance that they are in for a rough trip. They know that their opposite numbers from Moscow will lie and cheat, before, during and after, about everything from procedure to history. Their nerves and feelings have become hardened to Communist rasping on every exposed point of irritation.

In dealing with Communists, indeed, our leaders seem to have learned pretty much all their lessons—except the essential one. They do not yet know, or will not know, what Communism is. They refuse to know and to recognize what the Communists are after. And since they do not or cannot or will not know the essential, they—and all of us with them—are suffering one more defeat at Geneva-1959 just as we were defeated at Teheran and Yalta and at every other conference ever held with the men of Moscow. Quite needlessly, moreover.

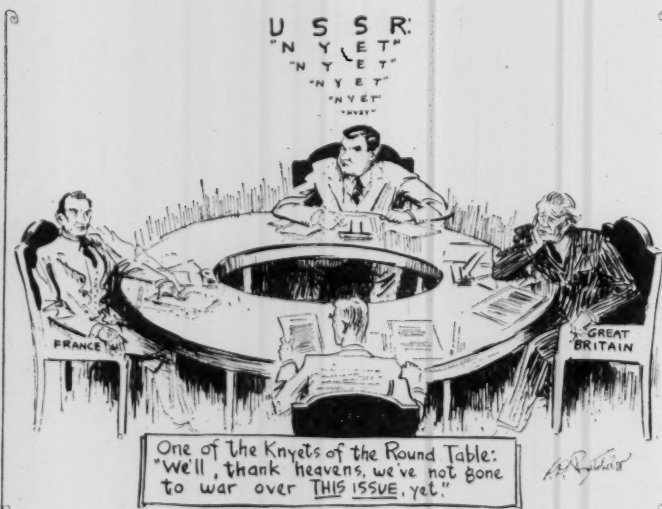
Communists don't negotiate. They conduct political warfare. Communists are not diplomats but revolutionists. What we call a "conference" or "meeting" is for Communists a political warfare operation to be fought by all relevant means as a battle in the struggle for the world. From the Communist point of view it is of tertiary importance whether any formal "agreement" comes out as by-product of a conference. If so and if it is in their favor, so much the better; if not, they will violate it in any case as soon as that becomes expedient. They seek not "agreement" but victory.

In Communist language, a conference is "a forum from which to speak to the masses over the heads of their leaders," a decibel-cubing loudspeaker through which the Voice of Communism is broadcast over the face of the earth. And how brilliantly they have been using the forum and loudspeaker with which we are providing them at Geneva! How eagerly they look forward to the still more imposing forum and far higher-powered loudspeaker into which they confidently plan to transform the approaching Summit meeting!

Gromyko, Zorin and their comrades have not the slightest interest in their exchanges with Christian Herter, Selwyn Lloyd, Heinrich von Brentano, Couve de Murville. They address their own subjects; the Germans, Czechs and Poles; the Socialists and leftists and pacifists of all nations; the naive and hopeful and apprehensive; the chiefs of the British Labor Party, the German Social Democratic Party and our own Democratic Party, who they believe will, with their help, be in office tomorrow.

What a waste, that Mr. Herter and his associates should make their patient and reasonable replies to Communist tactics and provocations, that they should concede and compromise, and urge innocently that the conference get on with "the business of substance"! The conference is at the heart of the matter. And how easy it would be for the United States to participate effectively!

"Yes, Mr. Gromyko, we agree: we urge that representatives of the Germans now captive beyond the Elbe should be seated at this table. It has year after year been our proposal that these unhappy slaves of Communist tyranny should be given a free voice to choose representatives, a government of their own. If such representatives of the Germans of the East were here today, instead of those traitorous puppets who dance on your string, they would recall to their countrymen and to all of us the months of terror, rape, theft and vileness that marked your entry into



the still continuing occupation of their country. Berlin is high on our agenda, and it would be meet to remind all Germans and the world what unchecked Communist power has meant to the people of Berlin. We might learn why three million Germans have fled to the West from the infamies of these agents of yours whom you now seek to foist on us as German spokesmen. True representatives of eastern Germany could tell us the story of 1953, when your tanks delivered the answers to German workers and students. And if such representatives were here, they would quickly enough come to agreement with these free spokesmen of the free German regime of the West on how to reunify their country . . .

"Czechoslovakia and Poland also? Of course: if there were a voice to speak legitimately for Poland and Czechoslovakia, to tell us at last the whole story of the death of Jan Masaryk, of those cattle-train journeys of four million Poles to Arctic slave camps, of the looting of Czech and Polish consumer goods, of

the studied Soviet exploitation of the Polish and Czech economies, of the saga of the secret police . . ."

The whole world would listen.

It's Probable: A Steel Strike

In spite of protests from newspaper reporters, there has been a "dimout" of news about steel labor negotiations at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City. Both sides to the controversy have arrived simultaneously at the conclusion that labor-management relations can't be "negotiated in the press." Moreover, David McDonald, boss of the United Steelworkers, has told no less a person than Senator Estes Kefauver of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, to "keep your nose out of our business."

The "business" is, of course, the effort of the union to get more from the steel companies *with or without* a concomitant rise in steel tonnage prices.

NATIONAL REVIEW thinks Mr. McDonald is right about his own business, which is to negotiate the best possible deal for his own men regardless of what government or management thinks. It also thinks that steel prices should be settled by the market: if people are willing to pay more for steel, a steel manufacturer would be crazy to make a gift of part of his product to automobile manufacturers, railroad equipment makers, and so on. But in urging these points we are haunted by a fear that neither Mr. McDonald nor the steel companies has a truly *principled* reason for wishing to settle their differences on their own terms.

First, as to Mr. McDonald's position. He is against public interference in the bargaining process at the current moment. But the Steelworkers Union came into existence as a virtual monopolistic labor force by taking advantage of public opinion as expressed in the Wagner Act in the thirties. And the CIO, to which it belongs, has always supported the type of government interference in the economic process that has called for inflation. The inflation, in turn, has resulted in the wage-price spiral. If McDonald really wishes the Kefauver Committee to keep its nose out of steel union negotiations, he ought in all logic to repudiate twenty years of recent union history.

As for the steel companies: if in a period of full employment of steel capacity they wish to couple a price rise of \$4 a ton with the granting of a wage-fringe benefit package of ten cents an hour, exponents of a free economy should grant them the right to do it. By the same token, however, they should be expected to cut wages and simultaneously to lower prices when steel capacity isn't being used. Since this did not happen during the depression period of the very recent past, it may be assumed that neither the

union nor management believes very strongly in its current philosophical commitments.

The grapevine news from Pittsburgh is that both steel labor leaders and steel management are reconciled to a six-week strike. A short strike presumably would not hurt steel consumers unduly, for a certain amount of recent buying has obviously been for inventory purposes. The public, which is against any agreement in steel at the moment that could have an inflationary impact on prices, might be more reconciled to a linked wage and price rise after a few weeks of a strike. A short strike settled by a compromise solution (a small wage-cum-benefit increase and a small price increase) would save faces all around.

The prospect, however, is not a pleasant one to contemplate for the long run, for it leaves the basic issue—the government's responsibility for the inflation that makes the wage-price spiral a necessity—untouched. Must we look forward to a repetition year after year of the same costly farce that is now being enacted at the Hotel Roosevelt?

In a spirit of "let's-get-the-business-off-the-books-for-at-least-another-year," NATIONAL REVIEW urged (April 25, 1959) that a 1959 steel wage rise be postponed in favor of an agreement to share 1960 gains in "productivity" if and when they become a reality. Professor Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago economics faculty has called this an example of "collectivist" thinking. We think he has a point: productivity gains should be apportioned between laborer, investor and consumer by the competitive process. The only trouble is that competition hasn't determined such an apportionment for at least twenty years. How to restore such competition? That would take a revolution in attitude that goes far beyond the issues that are now being discussed behind closed doors at the Hotel Roosevelt.

The Truth About Fallout

Within the past three weeks, two authoritative reports have stated in calm and responsible language the truth about the present and prospective danger to human beings from radioactive fallout resulting from nuclear tests.

One report summarized five years of detailed investigation by the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements. This committee predates nuclear weapons and current controversies by many years. It was founded in 1927, and since 1929 has been headed by the distinguished scientist, Lauriston Sale Taylor. The second report was made to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, after nine months of special research, by the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy

Committee, headed by Warren C. Johnson, Dean of Physical Sciences at the University of Chicago, and numbering among its members some of the nation's leading scientists from both industry and university faculties.

Among the findings:

1. The radioactive fallout from tests so far conducted, including fallout that will filter down in the future, is less than 5 per cent of the average "background" radiation everywhere present from cosmic rays and terrestrial sources, and less than 8 per cent of the radiation caused by medical X-ray examinations.

2. "Human beings have lived for many generations in parts of the world which have five times or more the background radiation normal to the United States, or more than 100 times the radiation from fallout in the U.S."

3. The strontium-90 concentrations that have been found in a few cases in food, presumably as a result of fallout, are less of a hazard than the amount of radioactivity "normally present in public water supply in certain places in the U.S. and in public use for many decades."

4. The amount of radioactivity now present in the bones of children in regions of greatest fallout is less than 1/100 that of the permissible safe level (less than 1/500 in the case of adults), which level is set, for greater insurance, at 1/10 of that safely permitted for workers in nuclear installations.

5. It has not been established with certainty that present fallout levels constitute *any* direct danger to human bones or tissues, since there may well be a "threshold" below which no damage occurs even on a statistical basis.

6. Any rise in levels of radioactivity (from any source) apparently does, however, bring some increase in the statistical probability of the mutation of genes, the results of which are usually in some degree manifest in the next generation.

7. But—according to supplementary testimony before the Joint Committee by James F. Crow, Professor of Genetics at the University of Wisconsin—the amount of genetic damage with present levels of fallout is "an extremely minute fraction of the damage from radioactivity from other sources and of the total human death, disease and misery."

These are the facts, so far as the facts can presently be known. They do not justify complacency in confronting the potential problems of fallout. They motivate, certainly, an ardent search, such as our scientists and statesmen have been conducting, for methods of reducing or eliminating future fallout: by perfection of "clean" nuclear devices, toward which we have made much progress; by test methods (underground, for example) that cause no fallout; by

seeking universal agreement to the reduction or total cessation of fallout-producing tests such as those with "dirty" devices in atmosphere or under water.

Such steps, which are compatible with the needs of defense and with the promising claims of future civilian nuclear applications, are called for. But nothing in the facts provides the smallest rational foundation for the sensation-mongering campaign of emotional and moral blackmail conducted by the "anti-test" crusaders under the nominal leadership of Bertrand Russell, Linus Pauling and Norman Cousins. This campaign was irresponsible from the first. But when it began some years ago, with only meager and doubtful knowledge about fallout available, its leaders could be excused as giving an overzealous interpretation to legitimate doubts. When they now persist, unchanged in the face of mounting evidence which if not complete is the best attainable and enough for rational judgment, this movement becomes the spokesman for a fraud and a lie.

An item from this week's news was eloquent as symbol of those forces, personal and political, that are both expressed and served by the anti-testers. At Wakefield jail in Leeds, England, the prisoners were led in an anti-test "one-meal hunger strike" by the most famous and fatal of Moscow's atom spies, the obsessive neurotic, Klaus Fuchs.

Kicking a Rock

What right is there, when you think of it, to strike the non-profit enterprise? Traditionally the right to strike has been understood as the right of employees to use their collective strength in order to bend to their relative advantage the possibilities of the market place. But the non-profit enterprise is by the nature of the case removed from control by the market. The disagreement that leads to a strike is sometimes, to be sure, over non-monetary matters; but not often, and not in the case of the scandalous hospital strike now going on in New York City.

The strikers want more money. Technically, the

strike is to gain union recognition; actually, union recognition is the procedural next step on the way to a strike for higher wages, and that fact is not being disguised. The point surely is that when there are no profits and can be none, a strike is grotesque. The only alternative hospital workers can consider to continuing work in the hospitals is to leave, and search out employment elsewhere. If enough workers leave, and if the hospitals cannot replace them at present wage levels, the administration is face to face with its only alternative: to increase the cost of medical care to its patients, or find new contributions and subsidies to make up the difference.

The market place has got to be permitted, somewhere along the line, to do its work, and the place to establish the economic floor is in the non-profit economic situation, where employees have the right to quit; but not to strike, or to combine to prevent others from working. A strike against a non-profit organization's wage scale is like protesting to the National Bureau of Standards its determinations of weights and measures.

We're King of the Mountain

Representative Chet Holifield of California (D.) reasons that it is expedient for us to recognize Red China, as follows: We ought to sign an agreement with the Soviet Union to stop nuclear bomb testing, but such an agreement could not be adequately enforced so long as we had no right to inspect nuclear activities within the great land mass of Red China; and how could we inspect Red China unless . . . Obviously, we should recognize Red China. Mr. Holifield's is our next-to-favorite Subterranean Approach to Recognition, our very favorite being the *New York Post's*, which started out in an editorial a few weeks ago steaming against the Red Chinese repression of Tibet, and then continued like this: It's a terrible shame the Red Chinese are committing all those atrocities in Tibet, which atrocities we can only really guess at, because we do not have adequate press representation in Tibet, the result of our ridiculous ostrich-like policy with respect to Red China, which by the way we should recognize (i.e., because of the atrocities in Tibet).

NATIONAL REVIEW's contribution: all of us agree how despicable the Red Chinese are. They are so despicable we ought to search out ways of telling them how despicable they are by seeking frequent meetings with Red Chinese. But that, of course, can only be done by recognizing Red China.

We may be king of the mountain with our little offering, but you can count on it, someone will topple us off—Within a week or more/Most prob'ly, Eleanor.

Going on Vacation?

Unless you expect to stay two months or more, it is not practicable to ask *National Review* to send your magazine to your temporary address. Four weeks are required to process an order (whether for a subscription or a change of address). Please include both your old and new addresses, and zone numbers. Address:

Circulation Department, *National Review*
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.

A Kingly Message

From an address by King Baudouin of the Belgians to a Joint Session of Congress, May 12.

I, who am a young man, come from a country old enough to have been spoken of proudly by Julius Caesar.

I come to a country which for centuries God kept hidden behind a veil until its appointed hour, when it took into its young arms the people of the Old World.

I rejoice in the honor given to me by this assembly, an honor which deeply moves the hearts of the Belgian people. After all, your country and mine have much in common: In both, the State exists for the people, not the people for the State; in both, rights and liberties take their origin, not in the government but as your Declaration of Independence states, in the inalienable rights given by the Creator.

Since World War II the name of Bastogne has ever been cherished in our minds. The graves of your gallant soldiers are now part of our sacred soil. Their sacrifice will never be forgotten.

Peace, as we know, is the tranquillity of order. Mere tranquillity can be cold war; but the tranquillity of order implies justice.

Perhaps never before has peace been so difficult to achieve as it is today. At other periods, the possibility of war endangered our homelands and our home. Today war endangers our minds and our hearts. The older imperialism sought the conquest of lands; the new seeks the mastery of intellects.

The peace for which we have to labor is not just to preserve our possessions, but our very personalities.

Youth is the first victim of war; the first fruit of peace. It takes twenty years or more of peace to make a man; it takes only twenty seconds of war to destroy him.

In a certain sense, America is the land of youth, because it dedicates more of its energies, talents, money and science to the birth and preservation of life than any other country in the world.

Where better can the free peoples of the world look for the averting of war and death than to your nation, so vibrant with the love of life? It is unthinkable that those who spend so much to save life would ever seek to destroy it! Even the money spent on the defense of peace we see as a deterrent to those who would endanger human life.

Not only I but all the youths of my country, most willingly adhere to your reverence for life. Nor shall our confidence in you be misplaced, for what is written on your coins I have read in the hearts of the American people: "In God we trust."

Land of the Superbloques

Like so many other Latin American nations, Venezuela is in dire pain, and things are going from bad to worse as the nation, plagued by the graft and economic nationalism of Pérez Jiménez, turns for relief to the economic nationalism and socialism of Romulo Betancourt. A dispatch in the *Wall Street Journal* gives concrete details. The flashy steel mill begun under Pérez Jiménez "today sprawls in the wilderness. . . . Atop a 7000-foot mountain peak overlooking . . . Caracas and reachable only by a cable car . . . stands the 14-story Humboldt Hotel, admirable for its heated swimming pool, its chilled ice-skating rink and its beaten bronze murals . . . it is closed and only a handful of caretakers work up there in the drifting clouds . . . At . . . Morón . . . \$190 million has been poured so far into a petrochemical works . . . A trickle of products is coming out—chlorine, notably, at prices about 50 per cent higher than the same chemical delivered in Venezuela from abroad . . . Over 300 big apartment houses, known as *Superbloques* . . . give Caracas a colorful air with their modernistic patchwork in brilliant hues. About 90 per cent of the tenants . . . refuse to pay any rent what-

ever . . . The government has called in foreign experts to try to improve social conditions in the splendid structures and win their occupants away from Communism. Accustomed to huts where they could keep pigs and chickens, most of these folk say they hate living high off the ground, with plumbing and elevators often out of order."

"Early this year jubilant crowds . . . shouted encouragement as the first luxury diesel train pulled out on a new 108-mile rail line to Puerto Cabello. But with \$90 million spent, there is no substantial traffic load in sight. Even Communist Party boss Gustavo Machado . . . noted gloomily that it precisely parallels a modern asphalt highway. [A] Canadian rail consultant . . . called in to help run the line, commented that an identical railroad built under Canadian conditions would have cost about \$27 million . . . The government airline (Linea Aeropostal Venezolana) [whose] head was shot by a discharged employee . . . has lost much money. About \$10 million is being pumped into it during the current fiscal year. The Venezuelan public shows a marked preference for boarding the rival private line, *Avensa*, which makes plump profits, pays taxes."

Notes and Asides

The year 1959 may turn out to be a fitting centenary of the year 1859, which was crowded with important events and important publications, mostly unpleasant. Certainly 1959 promises to be a bountiful year in conservative literature, which is our due, one hundred years after the publication of *The Origin of Species* and the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; one hundred years after the birth of Socialist Sidney Webb, and the death of conservatives Macaulay and de Tocqueville.

The current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW features three important books by prominent conservatives. Mr. John Chamberlain, an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, writes about *The Roots of Capitalism*, a fluent, profound, and wise inquiry into the continued relevance of capitalism to modern problems. Mr. William S. Schlamm, who spent last year in Germany, writes vividly in *Germany and the East-West Crisis* about the necessity for a unified policy between the U.S. and Germany, to resist Communism. William Henry Chamberlin's *The Evolution of a Conservative* discusses his intellectual and moral progress up from socialism. Next week the featured review will be of

James Burnham's profound historical analysis of *Congress and the American Tradition*, a book which should exercise a considerable influence on the political thought of our time. Recently we published an exciting account of Mr. Frank Chodorov's *The Rise and Fall of Society*. In the near future we will publish a review of Mr. Henry Hazlitt's definitive answer to Lord Keynes, *The Failure of the New Economics*; a review of Professor Sylvester Petro's *Power Unlimited*, an assessment of the labor union movement, and a review of an important symposium on *The Public Stake in Union Power*, edited by Philip Bradley. And there is more to come . . . We'll get even with 1859 if every conservative has to write a book this year!

Our Contributors: ROBERT M. BLEIBERG ("The Genius of Capitalism") is the editor of *Barron's*. . . . WALTER DARNELL JACOBS ("Arthur Miller in Moscow") is a well-known military writer, a contributor to *Army* and the *Military Review* in this country and similar journals in Great Britain and France. . . . ALICE-LEONE MOATS ("Gomulka's Poland"), who reports on a recent visit to Warsaw, will be remembered for her article on Italian labor in NATIONAL REVIEW of January 31, 1959.

National Trends

The Case Against Strauss

L. BRENT BOZELL

One explanation for the Senate's delay in confirming Lewis Strauss evaporated last week: the possibility that Strauss' opponents had needed the time to prepare their briefs. Another received dramatic though largely unnoticed corroboration: the possibility that the Senate Committee entrusted with the job of reviewing the Secretary of Commerce-designate's qualifications had been working hand-in-glove with the forces that were trying to cut him down.

By the time Senators Kefauver and Anderson, and their allies from the Federation of American Scientists, had finally said their pieces, it was clear that the Case Against Strauss was a case that had been made a hundred times before—the same curious

combination of spiteful pettifoggery on the one hand, and, on the other, principled opposition to a view of public affairs that regards the Soviet Union as an implacable enemy. At times, and with disastrous consequences for orderly minds, the two attacks focused on a single subject-matter. "Admiral Strauss tries to take all the credit for the hydrogen bomb," Senator Anderson complained. And his most grievous sin, the scientists added, was "to insist that we produce the H-bomb" when we should have been making peace overtures to the Soviets. On the whole, however, the two streams of argument flowed their separate ways, converging only in a common rhetoric of personal abuse.

Senator Anderson gave every

promise, as he began his testimony, of justifying the long delay in presenting the Strauss exposé. Now, at last, we were to get the Inside Story of the "methods by which Admiral Strauss operates," of his "desire to reach out for power," about the "deception [he] practiced upon the Congress and the country," about the "unqualified falsehoods" he now tells in defending his record. Those of us at the press table leaned forward.

Senator Anderson's Charges

There was, first of all, the manner in which Strauss had been confirmed as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Anderson charged,

had not held a public hearing—the dark suggestion being that committee members, like himself, had been deprived by Straussian intrigue of the chance to object. Strauss, in rebuttal, observed that Senate procedures were hardly his responsibility. He then laid on the record a Senate speech by Bourke Hickenlooper, then the chairman of JCAE. Hickenlooper had explained that by agreement with the majority and minority leaders, and with the approval of *all members* of JCAE, the nomination was being presented without a hearing in order to prevent a vacancy in the Commission chairmanship. Rubbing it in a bit, Strauss cited an item in the *Congressional Record* inserted a week later by Anderson himself: “We who are members of the JCAE,” Anderson had said, “were happy to report favorably the nomination of Admiral Strauss, and I am glad to see that the *Santa Fe New Mexican* commented on the appointment in a most enthusiastic fashion.”

Then there was the matter of Strauss’ finances—concretely, the allegation in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that the Civil Aeronautics Board had cited a Strauss family corporation for violating the law in connection with a purchase of airline stock. Strauss replied that Senator Anderson might have quoted the CAB finding itself which had expressly absolved the Strauss group of the charge and had gone on to compliment Lewis Strauss for his testimony in the case.

Sins re Atomic Energy

Anderson next turned to Strauss’ “deliberate efforts to avoid keeping the Joint Committee . . . informed” on atomic energy matters. First, he had “held out . . . considerable information” on the Dixon-Yates dispute (Strauss challenged Anderson to cite an instance that did not involve legitimate invocation of the executive privilege). Second, he had issued a press release on the “clean bomb” before JCAE members had had an opportunity to denounce the concept. Third, he had not told the JCAE of a plan to give *Nautilus* blueprints to the British before submitting it to the President. (Strauss pointed out that the proposal, as required by law, had been before the committee for

thirty days before it went into effect during which time two formal hearings had been held.) Fourth, fifth and sixth, he had delayed publication of a “hazards report” on a Detroit Edison reactor, had been tardy in reporting a change in AEC uranium buying policies and had been “casual” in advising the committee of a proposed gas-cooled reactor project. On



Lewis Strauss

the theory, apparently, that one can be excused three such iniquities over a five-year term, Strauss let these latter charges ride. He contented himself with offering letters by Anderson’s three predecessors as chairman of JCAE, all commending him for his cooperation with the committee.

Anderson wound up his presentation with a) the one hundred and twenty-seventh recital of Dixon-Yates (Senator Kefauver had just given the one hundred and twenty-sixth); b) a charge that Strauss had voted against sending radioactive isotopes to Norway; and c) a lecture on the Sin of Pride: with regard to developing a system for detecting Soviet nuclear tests and to spurring U.S. H-bomb construction, Anderson said Strauss had wrongly claimed that “he did it all.” Taking them in order, Strauss replied a) that the AEC’s report on Dixon-Yates (the “crooked chronology” which was Anderson’s prime target in this connection) had been prepared while he, Strauss, was on vacation—a fact Anderson had publicly acknowledged four years earlier; b) that he had, indeed, opposed the shipment of isotopes for in-

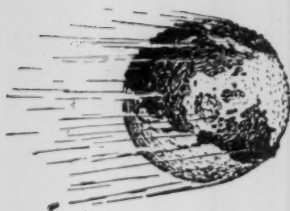
dustrial use on the grounds that it was illegal under Section 5 of the Atomic Energy Act; c) and, finally, “I have never made so ridiculous a claim [as that he was solely responsible for the test detection and H-bomb developments], but I am not willing to have my role in this, of which I am proud, written off.”

The Real Complaint

In short, Lewis Strauss’ senatorial enemies looked petty and foolish. Not so, however, the delegation from the Federation of American Scientists. David Inglis and David Hill, the Federation’s incoming and outgoing presidents respectively, had serious complaints—that Strauss had been responsible for the dismissal of J. Robert Oppenheimer; that he had urged construction of the H-bomb, favored restrictions on dissemination of scientific secrets, and opposed suspension of bomb-testing. Their complaint, in a word, was that Strauss had been guilty of intransigent anti-Sovietism; and would, presumably, *keep it up*. Had he not, after all, just recently spoken of an “economic war against Communism”?

This was the real case against Strauss. And the disturbing question raised at week’s end was whether Senate Democrats were as detached from the real case as they first seemed to be. Item: Senator Magnuson, chairman of the committee that is passing on the nomination, requested the appearance of Federation representatives. Item: committee members McGee and Engle reputedly rushed to the rescue of Federation witnesses. Item: committee counsel Cox admitted, under questioning by Senator Scott, that he had had a hand in preparing David Hill’s testimony.

In all likelihood, the most this performance proved was that the Magnuson Committee leadership would go to any lengths to indulge the personal whims of certain senatorial brethren; that having been forced by a critical press, including anti-Strauss newspapers, to end the stall, the Committee was now embarked on an indiscriminating career. Still, the other possibility remained: that the real case against Strauss—the case against anti-Sovietism—had penetrated the Democratic Party’s moderate Center.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

From a Cold War Notebook

Tibet. In a quickly mounted ideological counteroffensive, Communists throughout the world explain that the Tibetan revolt was "a serf-owners' rebellion." The "most reactionary feudal overlords, owners of eight out of ten Tibetans," were secretly provoked by "U.S. imperialist agents and Kuomintang stooges" to rise against the democratic and progressive regime that was being built under the benevolent patronage of People's China. Thanks to the courage of the People's Army, backed by the honest and patriotic Tibetan majority, the plot was smashed, unity was restored, and "the people of Tibet can continue marching along the prosperous, happy road to socialism."

This is a local variant of the explanation used to justify every act of Communist terror since the Russian Constituent Assembly was dispersed by Bolshevik bayonets in November 1918. The Kronstadt sailors, the Ukrainian peasants, the opposition factions, the Hungarians . . . are acting "objectively" as agents of counter-revolution. The Bolsheviks, by liquidating them, are serving the cause of freedom, peace and progress. Non-Communists, to whom this reasoning seems outlandish, invariably expect each Communist atrocity to lead to large-scale disillusionment and defection of "decent" Communists. This never happens. From the viewpoint of the Marxian dialectic, the reasoning is correct and convincing.

Foreign Trade. In spite of the talk on both sides of the Curtain, Soviet foreign trade continues to be a negligible factor in the free world total. In 1948 reciprocal trade with the Soviet bloc amounted to 3.5 per cent of the total of free world foreign trade. In the deep freeze of Stalin's old age and madness, this declined to a low of 2 per cent in 1953, the year of his death. It has recovered since, in spite of the scare stories of our foreign aiders,

only to 3 per cent. Moreover, in absolute amounts, two-thirds of this trade is with the advanced nations of West Europe.

One figure, however, confirms Moscow's geopolitical direction. The greatest regional increase since 1953—about 300 per cent, to a level that is of appreciable significance for the area—is in Soviet bloc trade with the Mideast and Africa.

Missile Bases. Italian sources have obtained what purports to be the list of missile-launching bases within the Warsaw Pact nations:

Albania: Fieri, Korce, Valona.

Bulgaria: Sofia, Yumrukehal, Bezmer, Razgrad, Emin-Nos.

Czechoslovakia: Karlovy Vary, Liberec, Otsani, Kasperske, Hory, Olomuc, Opava, Krumlov.

East Germany: Peenemünde (the old Nazi rocket base).

Hungary: Sopron, Keszthely, Tibaani, Beszprem, Hajmasker, Nudovar, Pecs, Szeged.

Poland: Kolberg, Zary, Poznan, Slupca.

Rumania: Sibiu, Otopeni, Kocanigena, Saint-Georges, Ile aux Serpents.

European Soviet Union: Königsberg, Liepaja, Tallin, Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Sotchy, Nikolaev, Dombrowsky.

The Party Ladder. The Paris fortnightly, *Est & Ouest*, has shown that the documents and procedure of January's 21st Congress of the Soviet Communist Party indicate the hierarchical order according to which the Communists themselves rank the world's 83 Communist parties. First, of course, come the parties of the "socialist camp," led by the Soviet Union, and numbering twenty-eight million members out of a world total of thirty-three million.

The top group from outside the "camp of peace" includes the parties

that have key political importance for the world strategy: Italy, France, Indonesia, India, Finland, Great Britain, West Germany, Spain, United States, Austria, Japan—in that order. The first four are the great non-Soviet mass parties, with Italy replacing France for the first time since 1933 at the summit. The West German and Spanish parties appear in this upper echelon, even though they are illegal. The fifth place given to Finland seems to reflect political events of the past year and perhaps to foreshadow some events due for the year to come.

The next lower echelon begins with several Latin American parties, headed by Argentina, followed by Uruguay, Chile, Venezuela and Mexico.

The final group, chiefly of illegal parties, has once again a revealing first member: Iraq.

Latin America. In the January 1959 issue of the official international Communist organ, *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, eight important Communist leaders contribute to a symposium on Latin America. V. Codovilla, chief of the Argentine party and currently No. 1 Latin American Communist (cf. party ranking, above) writes: "Thus the Latin American peoples are becoming more and more conscious of the need to create wide democratic and national fronts, as well as governments of democratic union. We have here major and realistic possibilities, for the Communist parties in Latin America have become, or are in the process of becoming, genuinely influential organizations." The articles show how rapidly the parties have profited from their relegalization in Argentina, Venezuela and Colombia after the overthrow of the local dictatorships. (An investigation has determined that during 1957 the Argentine party got \$30 million from outside—i.e., Soviet—sources: a further sign that Argentina is now Moscow's primary Latin American base.)

Berlin. Whoever heard of a six months' ultimatum? If Khrushchev had intended his November Berlin gambit in a serious military sense, the time limit would have been twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Do you give your enemy six months to get ready for your attack?

Willmoore Wheeler Rides Again

The bearded and cherubic President who overcame the Communist menace in the first years of his term (NR, Sept. 27, 1958) turns his attention to domestic affairs and, after deliberating, calls in his staff. . .

PETER CRUMPET

The conferees in the White House study of President Willmoore Wheeler had all put on longer faces than the President's beard. The President's removal of troops and economic aid from Europe still brought quivers from the carcass of the old and very dead foreign policy whose bureaucrats, like a mass of maggots, scrambled for their very lives in search of more durable hosts. But what he proposed now seemed calculated to bury the remaining fleshpots, and the faces of his counsellors were a gaunt anticipation of famine.

You will remember that President Wheeler was a compromise candidate of the Democratic Party; he did not seem to realize that this meant he should be prepared to compromise himself. He had been a professor, and was blessed with a cherubic countenance, though he had a weakness running to Staffordshire cats and chocolate malted milks. Congress was due to meet a fortnight hence, and in the weeks past various stalwarts of the Party had prepared for the President his State of the Union message, explaining to him, point-by-point, what his demands would be for a constructive, social, enlightened and equitable legislative program. Mr. Walter Reuther had forwarded an outline for a revised labor law which was calculated to revise most everybody's idea of law. The indestructible widow of a former Democratic President had contributed the suggestion that copies of the various eulogies recently churned out on her be sent to expectant mothers under the sponsorship of the Department of Health, Welfare and Faretheewealth. There were other suggestions of great merit.

The council had been called, presumably, to select from among these suggestions. But President Wheeler

had closeted himself with himself. He spent the whole day alone. The League of Werewoman Voters was disappointed, since he was not available to greet that fairsome convention in the Statler; equally disappointed were the Bassinets for Out of This World Babies Commission, an agency operating under laws which had been passed by the last Congress to speed up the vital guided missile program. President Wheeler excused himself from attending the launching of the first bassinet to be produced after nineteen months of research (seven of them in a wind tunnel subjected to meteoric thunderstorms and cosmic bombardment) by saying that he was too busy. This was one of the indications the White House staff had that the President was a devious man, not always doing what he said he was doing.

For when the butler entered his study with soup and crackers, he found President Wheeler not busy at all. He was in an armchair, reading. Reading de Tocqueville, of all things! Later on he sent word that he wanted certain numbers of the Federalist Papers; what on earth he wanted them for, nobody knew. Besides, it threw the White House staff into an uproar. Although the library boasted the complete works of Zane Grey, bound in red moroccan leather, and although there were several copies of Arthur Larson, bound in gilt covers that had oxidized of late, nobody had seen anything to do with the Constitution for nigh on to thirty years. A copy of the Federalist Papers was finally located in the shop of a Georgetown antiquarian, who was glad to get it off his inventory for a quarter.

Meanwhile the President's advisory staff waited—all that afternoon. Not until the indecisive January sun had

been frozen over by a white overcast did the President send word.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, gentlemen. Have a seat."

Broad Shoulders

They did—a distinguished group of men, a powerful group of men, men who were gravely conscious of the fact that the destiny of the nation rested on their shoulders. Their shoulders were uniformly broad. *Time* magazine never tired of repeating the fact that these gentlemen always rose before dawn and never got to bed until after midnight. They were already being referred to as the most representative power-body in the history of the Executive. The Democratic Advisors Council, in handing the President his Cabinet ready-made, had not contented itself with faces familiar to the public. The man most likely to head the Department of Labor, as an example, was a Mr. Mazey, known only to the dedicated few who had watched him organize the beating of a Kohler scab.

The Party was also responsive to national crises. After the Russians had defeated a team from Moonshine University in the world ping-pong championships, the central committee of the Democratic Party created an Executive advisory post which, it was rumored, might develop into a Cabinet position, dedicated to the advancement of American athletics through federal aid. (Tentative slogan: *Men Run Faster with their Pockets Full.*) The man selected to fill this position, if President Wheeler saw fit to confirm it, was a typical clean-cut American youth—a 275-pound behemoth who called himself (critics thought it was a stage-name) Sledgehammer Wizziewyzanski. Carpers who raised such a hullabaloo

about the fact that he could neither read nor write were effectively silenced by reference to Mr. Huxley Hutchins Huckster, Chief of the Presidential Commission (set up under the former Administration) for Federal Aid to the Advocates of Federal Aid to Education: Mr. Huckster, it had been claimed often enough, couldn't read or write either—and did that ever interfere with his effectiveness in the cause of progressive education? If he couldn't write, he could certainly sloganize; and if he couldn't read, he was known to be able to talk . . . and talk . . . and talk.

They seated themselves in a semi-circle facing the President, who reclined back on his desk, one leg swinging as he spoke.

"Well, gentlemen, I have been doing some thinking today. Reading your proposed draft of my message to Congress, I thought perhaps I might have misinterpreted the Constitution all these years. Professors can get out of touch, you know."

Mr. Huckster smiled, and the President smiled back. He went on. "On checking to make sure my twenty years as a teacher of American history had not been spent misleading my students, I was happy to find that the misleading has not been on my part. Would anybody like some tea?"

Nobody wanted any tea.

"I won't keep you much longer, then. I will read what I have written on my State of the Union Address."

Mr. Huckster interrupted him, a special privilege granted to any American who has learned the art of conversation. "You have written it?"

"Yes, this afternoon."

"Oh. You mean notes for your address—that we can develop for you."

"I don't mean that at all. This is a first draft. I will polish it tonight."

"But surely, Mr. President,"—Mr. Huckster was smiling at the man's simplicity—"Surely you know we have a staff of writers available to do that kind of thing."

"You mean all those pale young men who were hanging around when my wife and I moved in? I sent them out for some fresh air."

Mr. Huckster measured out a laugh. "My dear Mr. President, it has been

our experience that a man never knows what he really *means* to say until he allows somebody else—us—to say it for him."

"That's called ghost-writing, isn't it?"

"Well, now . . ."

"In the universities we kick people out for that kind of thing."

"Mr. President, this is real life, not the happy unreality of an academic world."

"Well, I kicked them out anyway." Adjusting the paper to his farsightedness, he began to read:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Congress. The State of the Union Address, by tradition, is a report from your executive and servant . . ."

"Mr. President!"

Mr. Huckster spoke for the rest. "Don't you think it—admirable humility, of course—a little strong to use the word *servant*?"

"Does it upset you? Curious," mused Mr. Wheeler, studying his interlocutor. "General Washington wasn't afraid of it, you know."

Roseate Visions

He continued with his speech. "The State of the Union Address, by tradition, is a report from your executive and servant on the condition of the nation. I am sorry to say it is not good. Some of our roads are in abominable repair"—Mr. C. D. Weevil, Chief of the Commission for MOA (More of Anything), smiled in anticipation—"our schools require an overhauling both in curriculum and in the administration of plant facilities"—Mr. Huckster relaxed, and Sledgehammer Wizziewyzanski began to dream of his favorite project (the one that had earned him the respect of government economists), a fission-proof underground Olympic Stadium—"there are not enough hospitals; there are fewer nurses; and in some areas of the country doctors are scarce as hen's teeth. . . ."

The President continued with his list of shortcomings, and as he did so, more and more members of the advisory group began to smile. Glittering images of great executive offices, banquets, press conferences, tours through the country, international junkets to compare world-wide progress, televised appearances before House committees to justify (by

demanding, of course) increased funds—these and other roseate visions swept the men around the President happily along. Until he turned the page.

"These problems I am sure you are aware of. But I wonder if you are as aware as you might be of the dilemma we are in. What I mean by this is that I have the unhappy duty to report to you that the nation is technically bankrupt. It is not a fiction. We are in great danger, and we are bankrupt. As the nation's Chief Executive, it is my obligation to shore up our foundering economy. I suggest that all the deficiencies noted earlier would be better corrected on local and state levels. I intend to use the power of the veto freely, if need be. I will not sign any piece of legislation increasing social security, pensions, medical or educational programs. I will not sign any piece of legislation that maintains the current rates of spending. I am sure the people will want to fight progressive bankruptcy. I am sure you will agree with them, and with me."

President Wheeler put down his paper and looked at his counsellors expectantly. It was obvious to them he was very pleased with himself. In these few words—the shortest State of the Union message on record—he had undermined the work of thirty years.

Mr. Huckster led the storm of protests. Before the evening was out, he had arranged for one of those White House "leaks" that prepared all the papers in the land and all such oracles as Edward Er Morone to renew the attack on President Wheeler which had begun the day he announced his determination to let Europe fend for herself. The focal point of the attack was that President Wheeler had autocratically imposed his will upon the Congress by reminding it of what it was supposed to do, which was clear evidence of Executive usurpation of the Legislature's right not to do what it was supposed to do. His unvarnished threat to veto all the creamy little projects which the Democratic Party and its subsidiary, the Republican Party, had dreamed up for the new session of Congress, was an intolerable breach in tradition. At all costs, the man had to be stopped.

The biggest outcry came when it

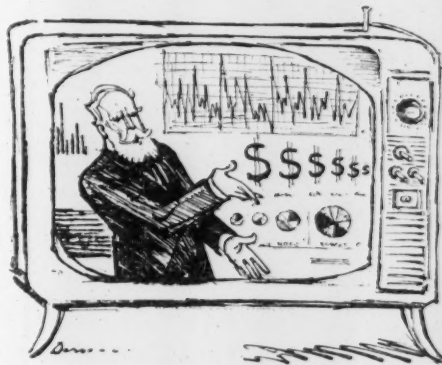
was learned that Willmoore Wheeler had made good his threat by vetoing the latest social security bill—an extension to cover the Rockefeller family (broke since the Presidential campaign of 1960). Edward Er Morone, with his usual genius for understatement, ran a series of uneditorialized television shots that had enormous effect. The first scene was a spoon-by-spoon filming of the dinner of an aged Sicilian couple, which dinner consisted of one fishhead boiled in water. The next sequence concerned a Nepalese farmer who stared out over a flood-ravaged (or locust-ravaged: it didn't come out clearly over most sets) farm, and then turned to observe his wife and forty-six children (close-up, fade-out, distant tinkle of goat bells). The last sequence, particularly poignant, had as its subject a starving child in India. This scene was followed immediately by the child's funeral—both the death and the funeral having been arranged specifically for Mr. Morone, courtesy of the Indian Government, all rights reserved.

Mr. Morone had scored again. Newspaper writers were quick to perceive the point. What Mr. Morone meant by this program—conceived with such finesse—was to show what would happen to America under a man like President Wheeler, especially if Americans happened to live in Sicily or Nepal or India; or if Sicily, Nepal and India happened to be American states; or if . . . anyway, the point was soundly taken.

On the Air

Mr. Wheeler took to the airways himself, but it was generally considered by the people who judge such things that his television appearances lacked artistry—unless the diagrams he showed on the programs could be considered art. In his schoolmasterish manner, he used these diagrams to examine some of the welfare insurance funds. He was irritatingly successful in demonstrating that they did not exist, that the money was being used by the government to meet current expenses, and that what was due to get paid back to the people—about twenty cents on the dollar at the rate of inflation of the past thirty years—would be paid back to them out of higher taxes.

He closed the program by asking his listeners this question: would they rather stick with what they had now, and help him make it worth something by stopping inflation, or go along with a jazzed-up program that would turn their dollars into so much



paper? President Wheeler was no artist, one repeats, but he was a distressingly convincing teacher.

The Congress was having its troubles. Three quarters of the members had never drafted a piece of legislation in their lives, and to become legislators again tried their faculties severely. It had been wonderfully simple before. The President said what he wanted. The Congress debated what he wanted and then gave it to him. All other legislation—the rare tidbits originating with the Congress itself—had been handled in a convenient manner. A Congressman from an industrial state, for example, could be counted upon to introduce a measure designed to bring his state federal subsidies. This is the way it was arranged:

A poll was conducted which showed that auto-factory workers were neglected by the Federal Housing Administration; in fact, that they were being forced to use their Cadillacs as living rooms. Committees were set up to consider the problem, which quickly evolved into one of national concern after it had leaked out from the CIA that the Russians didn't use *their* Cadillacs as living rooms, and everybody knows we've got to keep up with the Russians in these matters. (What did not leak out of the CIA was that most troikas not requisitioned for use as gifts to American industrialists were likely to have two or three families living in them at once.) But Willmoore Wheeler's idea of keeping up with

the Russians was to pile one veto on top of another.

What in the world was there to legislate about now? President Wheeler seemed to be getting through to the people again, as he had got through to them with his new foreign policy. He had mobilized the huge resources of the government to propagandize his work. Handbills floated down on teeming cities, carrying the legend, "Help Me Make Waste Like This Impossible." The argument had a perverse credibility. It became a symbol for all the other measures which Congressmen proposed—new dams for dry streams, a home for the Dodgers (now contracting with Hawaii), an estate for the retirement of Fifth Amendment government employees—the House and Senate were hard pressed to find work. Months went by. President Wheeler stumped the country tirelessly in his campaign to put first things first: defense, and the rehabilitation of the dollar. He was helped a great deal by the money released from foreign expenditures and by the collections he was making on debts owed to the United States. People were finding that their dollars bought more. The idea that it was inevitable for a steak to cost five cents more a pound every twelve months lost its authority. The people were developing a genuine liking for "Teacher" Wheeler. They liked the idea that he told the Russians where to get off. They liked even better having their sons home again, and knowing that their money was not being boondoggled all over the world. They liked the way he put it to them: either tighten your belts, or take a licking.

So what could the Congress do? A Congress just couldn't be a do-nothing Congress. There had to be something to point to, or at, or up. Every now and then a veto was overruled when the bill came back from the White House, but that wasn't often. The Congress itself was split, its party lines having become so hazy through incest that traditional enemies found themselves voting alongside one other. Conservative Democrats and Republicans rallied strongly behind Wheeler. Liberal Democrats felt constrained to support the President: he was, when all was said and done, the titular leader of the Party, and President Wheeler

made no bones about manipulating the spoils privilege. Finally it was only the Eastern Republicans who consistently voted against the President, and they weren't enough to make up the majority needed to upset a veto.

By the end of the summer recess, Congress had managed to pass only three laws, and they were so innocuous that Walter Reuther threatened to set up closed shop in South America.

"A Bolt of Lightning"

Every cloud has a silver lining. There was one bright young fellow in the Senate who spent most of the summer recess thinking. This was an ambitious act, but he was an ambitious young man. Educated, well-bred, rich (the usual proletarian qualifications), he was a great vote-getter in his state. But he had failed to latch on to any issue which could be called national. He had tried and tried, poor fellow. He came out for the independence of Algeria even before Algeria did: that had gone down with a thud. He had written a very popular book about political courage, but when the time came for him to sponsor a bill curtailing the excesses of labor unions, all mention of political courage was an embarrassment to him. He was further embarrassed when he suggested that it was high time the government establish a commission to study methods of surrender to the enemy (a political redundancy, as anybody could have told him). This suggestion might have sat well with the voters of his own state, who had, after all, surrendered to his boyish charm; but, somehow, it wasn't going over very well with the people at large.

Thinking the situation over as he sipped cool drinks on the veranda of his Palm Beach villa (it was in this setting that he was usually inspired to his most telling attacks against special privilege), he suddenly started up. Boyish glee was written on his face. His mop of unruly hair unrulied further as he dashed to the phone.

"I hereby propose," he said by way of opening his news conference, "that the Congress get behind President Wheeler and help him in his energetic drive to establish a strong and

free economy. I have believed all along in the necessity for a revival of the Spartan Spirit, as I think my record will show."

He looked about him anxiously for a moment, but since he had no record to show at all, he was spared an interruption.

"When Congress meets this winter, I plan to introduce a number of bills directed at repealing laws on the books which have become dead-weight. We must all be willing to sacrifice. We must all be willing to give our best. Why, do you realize that the Communists are in earnest about this business of world revolution? It came to me, gentlemen, like a bolt of lightning!" The reporters looked as if his statement had struck them in the same way.

The idea caught on. This young fellow stayed in the vanguard, but he was closely pressed by others. Everybody rushed to see how many laws could be cleared off the books. The Department of Health, Welfare and Farethewealth got chopped down by the wildly swinging axes of the new trailbreakers. Expectant mothers did not capitalize on their opportunity to read about My Extraordinarily Long Day; some were frightened of the possible prenatal effects. All over the country government offices took down their signboards. The bureaucrats who, like a mold, had been luxuriating in the damp and must of their own secretions, suddenly found themselves exposed to the purifying glare of reality: they were forced to earn a living in the market place. In fact, certain parts of the country declared themselves disaster areas, and the Governors of the affected states flew about visiting the flood of government employees who had been brutally flushed out of their holes. As appeal to Washington failed, states started to take care of themselves. It was not easy, at first, but the habit of self-reliance engendered a certain pride in the people. It became popular to boast not how much the State of Kentucky had sponged off the wealth of New York or Pennsylvania, but how much the State of Kentucky had done for itself.

The nation was obviously in great peril. With the Russian ogre already deflated by President Wheeler's foreign policies, where was the justification for huge expenditures? Europe's

economy was stronger than ever, and there was trade to be had with her now that did not have to be paid for first with unredeemed loans. Socialism, in all its forms, became unpopular. "Hell," said the farmer, "it's a lot easier for me to support Mom and the kids than to lug the whole durned government around on my back."

It began to look like a rout. Without the dyke of money, it seemed that only the intervention of Providence could stem the new tide. It had become awfully popular to be free!

In some quarters, the long night fell; and as the protests became dimmer—even as they become more shrill—the reposeful hours of a strong and free nation were hardly disturbed. Who wanted to listen to the lunatic fringe? Teacher Wheeler, in the pride of his second term, had become an object of love. His beard, perhaps not so full now, and his countenance, perhaps not so rubicund, were symbols of a new sense of dignity.

The time had come for his sixth State of the Union Address. As was his habit, he retired to the study to compose. His wife called to him as he was about to close the door.

"Willmoore," she said, "you won't overdo it?"

He winked at her. "No need to now, my dear. We have traveled a long way—a long way back, and a long way forward."

He went in. He called for his soup and crackers at noon. At three o'clock he ordered his tea. At five o'clock the butler thought he heard the buzzer. He was not sure. He went in.

The President had fallen asleep in his chair. Sleep often overtook him now. But the butler noticed that he was clutching a piece of paper in his hand, that he had squeezed hard on it, and that his fingers were rigidly arched. The President was dead.

The butler approached and carefully turned off the desk lamp. He gently removed the paper from the motionless hand, placing the hand on the President's lap. He was about to throw the paper away when he saw that it contained the last message of Willmoore Wheeler to the Congress: "The State of the Union is good."

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for \$10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)

Gomulka's Poland

Who will win out, the Cardinal or the Commissar in the battle for Poland? The odds are not as much in the Commissar's favor as one might think

The two largest buildings in Warsaw are the Palace of Culture and the Soviet Embassy. The Palace of Culture, a structure so incredibly phallic as to suggest that the architect committed a deliberate obscenity, rises for thirty-eight stories in the center of the city and completely dominates it. The Soviet Embassy looks most impressive from outside, but those who have entered its portals report that it has the squalid look characteristic of Communist interiors: peeling plaster on the walls, worn and grimy rugs, huge crystal chandeliers that need cleaning.

These two buildings are the only open reminders of the ever-present Russian threat. There are no soldiers in evidence and the word Russian is never mentioned. The Poles behave about it as Spaniards do about the word snake, which they won't utter for fear of calling bad luck down upon themselves. But everybody is aware of the Russian threat and nobody ever forgets it.

Gomulka certainly isn't allowed to forget it. Although he is left a fairly free hand in internal affairs, Moscow is firm in its insistence that he toe the Kremlin line when it comes to foreign policy. More often than not, the line is opposed to the best interests of Poland, as happened last November when Gomulka was summoned to Moscow and forced to attack the United States in such vituperative terms it imperiled his chances of obtaining any further dollar credits from Washington.

It is not enough for a visitor to use his eyes in order to understand the situation in Poland—he must also use his heart, and he must call on a knowledge of the past. Very little is known about Poland and much of what is written and said is likely to be inaccurate.

To begin with, the outside world has not been given the full picture

of the changes brought about by the revolution of October 1956 when Gomulka took power. The phrases, "before October," "after October," recur in every conversation. Nobody claims that life is agreeable, but at least the October revolution has made it endurable. Thousands of people who were in prison for "crimes against the state" were released before they finished their terms. Although the secret police still exists, it is not as active as before, and a knock on the door at night doesn't produce the same terror.

Material conditions have improved enough so that while nobody over-eats, few are starving. It is still difficult to get passports but they are obtainable. Poles still fear to meet anybody connected with the American Embassy—we are the real enemy in Communist countries—but they see other diplomats and foreign visitors, even including some Americans.

In spite of the lessened tension, or rather because of it, I had the impression of a letdown, that the spirit of the people wasn't as strong as it had been before October. During the Stalinist era, they were driven by their hatred of the government; they felt they were fighting, their morale was high. Now, they are like a man who goes without sleep for forty-eight hours to finish an important job and senses no fatigue while he's working, but the moment the job is done, collapses with exhaustion. They are also suffering from disappointment. Unreasonably, perhaps, they had hoped that the October revolution was going to change everything. It didn't, and their despair is intensified.

However, even the most violent anti-Communist feels that Gomulka is doing the best possible job, given the fact that he was unable to escape completely from Russian domination.

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

He is walking a tightrope over an abyss, and the population follows his every movement with bated breath: if he makes a false step and plunges into the chasm, the whole country will go with him.

The Enigma

It is difficult to get a clear idea of Gomulka's character as a man, or his ability as a politician. He keeps himself so far removed from the public that his photographs are not even on display. All estimates are guesswork. Some maintain that he is a political genius. Others assert he has none of the qualifications necessary for a statesman. One group brushes him off, saying he was created by a vacuum and continues to exist in a vacuum. Those who insist that he controls the party with a hand of iron are contradicted by those who charge him with weakness, citing his puzzling behavior in leaving Cyrankiewicz as Prime Minister, when Cyrankiewicz had earlier signed the order for Gomulka's arrest. His admirers argue that keeping Cyrankiewicz and several other important figures of the Stalinist era was a brilliant move, intended to break up a clique that would have plotted his downfall.

There are only two points on which everyone is in agreement about Gomulka: that he is a fanatical Communist, and that he is also a patriotic Pole, who will never sell out his country to a foreign power. This combination has produced a regime that though Communist, is not Communist in the Russian way.

In no other Communist country does one encounter members of the Party who are married secretly in church and who take risks to have their children baptized. Nowhere else would the wife of the Prime Minister have a three-foot statue of the Holy

Virgin in her bedroom. Nor would one find wives of government officials buying their clothes from a dress-maker who is in business for herself.

A certain amount of private enterprise is permitted. Shops and restaurants that are not state-owned have begun to spring up all over Warsaw. People may build houses for themselves. Not many do, because few have the money and because the only expeditious way to get building materials is to buy them in the black market. Anybody who is caught doing that has his house confiscated. Still, the fact remains that it is possible for a man to own property.

Cardinal Wyszynski

The major paradox is, of course, that of a Communist country where the Catholic Cardinal Primate is as powerful a figure politically as the head of the party. In this abnormal collaboration can be found the clue to all the differences that exist between Poland and other Iron Curtain countries. The Poles are fervent Catholics, ready to fight for their religion. They have not yet been reduced to the condition of frightened cattle and can't be pushed around entirely according to the whims of their rulers. As a Western diplomat in Warsaw put it, "We used to criticize these people for being ungovernable; now we can only thank God that they are ungovernable."

It is usual to comment on the harassment of Cardinal Wyszynski when actually it is Gomulka who is harassed. He had to get the Cardinal's support in order to win the elections of December 1956 that consolidated his power after the October revolution. As a sincere Communist and an atheist, he must have found this a bitter pill to swallow.

At the time that he called on the Cardinal for help, he probably didn't realize the full consequences of this act. It is just becoming clear how dangerous the course he took can be for him and the Communist Party. In the little more than two years since the Cardinal was released, he has gained a tremendous ascendancy over the people. They always loved and admired him, but now he has become a symbol. In him they see the embodiment of their Poland, *semper fidelis*. Like so many

of them, he was arrested and he suffered at the hands of the Communists, so they are united by a shared experience. They know the dangers he incurs on their behalf. They see a martyr's crown gleaming above his head, and legends have already started to grow around him.

Religious Teaching

Another shock to the government has been the effect on the young of the religious teaching in schools permitted since 1956. During the Stalinist era, the Communists were doing brilliantly in their efforts to corrupt the youth of the country with the study of Marxism, with vodka, with pornography, and all the other methods they favor. The church began to fear that its hold had been broken. Now, children and teen agers are once again being brought up as strict Catholics and they can't be swayed by Marxist precepts. All this has so alarmed Gomulka that he has started to break clauses of the accord signed between the government and the Church.

Thus far, Gomulka has proceeded cautiously. None of his violations of the accord has been sweeping or drastic. In the matter of religious teaching in the schools, for instance, he hasn't abolished it completely but has taken a half-measure by forbidding monks and nuns to give religious instruction in the schools. Priests are still permitted to do so, which is about as logical as demanding that only blondes teach mathematics. However, it is a great blow to the Catholics, for the priests are already overburdened with parish work. It is hard for them to find time for teaching, particularly as the regulation prescribes that classes of religion can be held only before the school day starts or after it ends. This means that a priest can't spend a whole day at a school taking one class after another, but must go several times a week, if he is to get around to all of the children.

An order to remove all crucifixes from the walls of school rooms went out at the same time that the new decree on religious education was issued. This caused almost more fury among the people in the provinces than the change in the teaching regulations, and letters had to be hastily

dispatched to local authorities advising them not to be too insistent on removing the crucifixes if the population reacted violently.

Both of these breaches of contract show great psychological insight. They were well calculated to cause dismay within the country, while arousing little sympathy in the West. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen can't understand why Polish Catholics should consider the lack of crucifixes and religious instruction in the public schools a persecution, when this is a general rule in most free countries. The Catholics have no chance to state their side of the case, which is that in France, England and the United States public schools are not run as atheist institutions. Although the teaching of Marxism is no longer obligatory, every subject is colored by Marxist philosophy. The Poles argue that 98 per cent of the population is Catholic and that if they are forced to expose their children to atheistic teachings, they are not being unduly intransigent when they insist upon religious instruction which conforms to the beliefs of the parents.

It is certain that in Poland the struggle has just begun in earnest and nobody can foretell the outcome. The Communists have failed in all their attempts to break the unity of the church by introducing Trojan horses. The phony Catholic organization called "Pax" still functions, but it has been entirely discredited; the "patriot priests" were instantly recognized for what they were and shunned by the population; the "national church," calculated to gain favor in a country notorious for its nationalism, found no adherents. A further complication is added by the fact that the two contestants on the battlefield—Gomulka and the Cardinal—are not really the principals: this is a war between the Kremlin and the Vatican, and neither Gomulka nor the Cardinal is a free agent.

Polish Communism has suffered a setback, not merely because of the religious freedom permitted, but because criticism can now be printed in the newspapers and magazines. The country has reached the point where absurdity has come face to face with reality. When nobody

dared to point out that things weren't going well, they seemed to be going better than they do at present.

Aside from that, the October revolution produced problems that didn't exist before, such as unemployment. During the Stalinist period, whenever there was unemployment it could be reduced immediately by throwing thousands of people into jail, a solution no longer feasible. Although so many of the collective farms were broken up after October, it was too late to save the provincial towns which were ruined by collectivization. Since the collective farms provide the peasants with machinery, clothes, shoes, seed, etc., the towns of ten thousand and twenty thousand inhabitants died on the vine for lack of trade. Today, these ghost towns can't provide for the requirements of the peasants.

Incredible Inefficiency

The first impression a visitor gets is that the Poles are stupid. They are not stupid, but they are stupefied after nineteen years of war, revolution and the indescribable horrors of the Stalinist epoch. The majority have spent several years in prison or concentration camps. Some have been in German concentration camps, or Russian concentration camps, or Polish prisons. Some have been in all three. This experience has left its mark on them physically and mentally.

The way they work shows how stupefied they are. The inefficiency has to be seen to be believed. It is so great it seems deliberate, and sometimes it is deliberate, because it is the easiest way of coping with the system. There is no incentive to do good work, as there is no incentive to acquire proficiency in a trade. A skilled worker earns so very little more than an unskilled one that it isn't worth while to take special training. The same holds true even in the opera where an established star is paid only five hundred zloty more a month (about \$21.00) than a newcomer singing minor roles.

The Communist theory that any peasant or any member of the proletariat can run a factory, a hotel, a store, or a restaurant, explains why these all operate so badly. Nobody gets the job because he has had years

of experience or has proved himself to be capable. The way in which a restaurant is operated illustrates the Mad Hatter quality that pervades the system. A waiter works from twelve noon until three in the morning, on alternate days. He is not paid regular wages; he gets a percentage of the checks for the food he has served. Each time a dish is handed to him in the pantry, he has to pay for it then and there. He collects later from the customer. He keeps the carbon copies of the checks and at the end of the month the checks are added up and he is given his percentage. Under these circumstances one might think that a waiter would be anxious to look after as many people as possible, instead of as few as possible, which he does, taking anything from two to three hours to serve a meal. The waiters figure out how much they need a month and don't try to earn any more than that because there would be nothing to spend the extra money on. The eternal housing shortage prevents a man from moving his family out of a one-room apartment into something larger; he can't buy a motor car, the shops provide very little to tempt his wife, and he has learned that life is so uncertain that it is pointless to save.

Stealing is common. While I was in Poland, I met a woman who had recently taken a job in a drygoods store at fifteen hundred zloty a month. When she first went to work, the other employees asked her if she was prepared to cooperate with them. She answered, "Of course," thinking they meant would she be willing to be helpful. At the end of the month, she was handed seventeen thousand zloty, which turned out to be her share of the amount that had been collected by cheating. The system was very simple: a customer who bought two meters of material was given 1M.80, and by the

time the bolt was supposedly finished, there would be several meters left over from the short measures. This extra material is then sold outside. My friend, who still retained a tender conscience, went to a priest and a lawyer to ask what she should do about the money she had been given. They both advised her to pocket it and keep her mouth shut. If she hadn't followed their advice she would have been fired, for the managers are in on all these deals. This is the sort of behavior pattern that can break down the moral fiber of an entire nation.

Everything has to go according to plan, and there are times when the plan seems to have been worked out by a drunken two-year-old. The building program, for example, makes no provision for maintenance. A hotel or apartment house or factory is put up and then allowed to deteriorate in a few years because no money has been set aside for repairs.

One day I asked for a lemon in a restaurant and was told there weren't any. When I remarked that I had seen lemons for sale all over Warsaw, the waiter explained that the plan for the August menus had been made in January when there were no lemons in the market.

At the moment all that saves the system from being shown up in all its inefficiency and lunacy is the lack of any basis for comparison between the conditions that prevail in Poland and those in other countries. The Poles have been cut off from the outside world for nearly twenty years. In that time, a new generation has grown up which has never known any other life, and the older people are beginning to forget what existence was like before the war. Young and old, of course, realize that there is frightful poverty, that they are tired and overworked, that nothing functions smoothly, but they are beginning to think this is a normal state of affairs.

Communists invent the wheel every day, and every day they announce with great fanfare that they have invented the wheel. In time, a population that has no idea of what is happening elsewhere is going to believe that the wheel has never before been invented. When all the Poles reach that stage, Communism will have won out.

Irreverent Thought

What a pity the great Fidel Castro
Has only a lawyer's degree.
How unchic to be just "Dr. Castro"
When one might have been
"Fidel, D.D.!"

W.A.R.

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Budgetary Blues

The chief event of the past month has been the budget. No new taxes were imposed and there were a number of concessions designed to stimulate production. The principal changes were a reduction in purchase tax, a cut of twopence a pint off the tax on beer and a reduction in the standard rate of income tax from eight shillings sixpence to seven shillings ninepence with correspondingly smaller reductions for those who do not earn enough to pay the standard rate.

No budget satisfies everybody, of course, but as budgets go, this should have been a popular one. The response has been disappointing from the Government's point of view. People were apt to say at best that the budget was "all right," at worst that it "gave money to the rich." There was the usual upside-down thinking, epitomized in that maddening phrase about the Chancellor having money "to give away." One commentator expressed indignation that the income tax reductions should be less in the lower tax brackets—"for the extraordinary reason," as he put it, "that those people are earning less money."

Although they were a trifle reluctant to say so outright, the Socialists didn't approve of cutting the standard rate of income tax at all. Labor Party "Shadow Chancellor," Mr. Harold Wilson, said that if money was going to be "given away," he would rather it were spent by the Government on roads, school building and similar social purposes.

If the Socialists would not reduce the standard rate of income tax this year, asked Mr. Maulding, the Paymaster-General, when would they reduce it? This is a good question. However much they hedge, the logical answer is, surely, that in a capitalist society, apart from a little tinkering, they never would reduce it. For income tax is redistributive in effect and therefore, to a Socialist, desirable in itself.

Neither party regards the budget in the old way, simply as the means of raising the minimum amount of money which the Government needs to carry out its functions—defense, representation abroad, the administration of justice and so on. Modern budgets are used as instruments of social engineering and general fiscal control. Conservatives are still a little uncomfortable about it; they still want in principle to cut taxes, whereas steeply progressive taxation is an essential part of socialist philosophy. This is an important difference to remember at a time when in so many respects the parties seem as like as two peas.

Because they don't want to appear as the party of high taxes, the Socialists devoted their attack almost entirely to the fact that the budget does nothing to help old age pensioners. This attack brought sympathetic echoes from the British public, which is sentimental and generous—at least with other people's money. "Twopence off beer," they cried, "and nothing for the old folk!" Vain to suggest that the twopence off beer was meant to increase revenue by helping the brewing industry. Vain to suggest that these generous toppers could save their twopences and give them to the first old age pensioner they met. Vain to suggest that a budget is not in fact the right place to deal with the complicated subject of pensions.

And it is a complicated subject. The Dickensian image painted by the left-wing press lumps all pensioners together; whereas the great majority do have resources other than their state pensions. Even those state pensions are now worth more in real value than they ever were before. The complaint is not that the value of pensions has declined but that it is grossly inadequate in view of the community's generally higher standard of living.

It may be that the community

should devote a larger part of its wealth to the support of retired people. But consider these old age figures. In 1911 one person in fifteen in Britain was of pensionable age; now it is one in seven, and by 1979 it should be nearly one in five. This means that about a third of the electorate will be pensioners. There are glittering prospects of vote-catching here and the Socialists know how to make the most of them.

For reasons both humane and electoral, the present generation of pensioners has to be treated as an urgent case apart from any new plan and some sort of rise in pensions will almost certainly be announced during the next few months.

Meanwhile the Conservatives are congratulating themselves on having "eased the burden of taxation" steadily throughout their period of office. This is a very proper thing to be proud of, and to some extent their boast is justified. But not wholly. Inflation has largely cancelled out the tax reductions. That is to say, if a man earns as much now in real value as he did when the Conservatives took office, he is probably in a higher tax bracket. The starting point of surtax, for instance, was slightly raised last year: but this is not so impressive when you consider, taking into account the changed value of money, that surtax now applies to incomes worth barely a third of those it attacked before the war.

Governments have a charming habit of winning both ways. The price of passports has just been raised by ten shillings, which is 30 per cent. When challenged, the government spokesman replied, wide-eyed and innocent, that the diminished value of money had rendered the old price entirely out of date. But the surtax level was fixed years before the price of passports.

Nobody talks about inflation nowadays. It was an expansionist budget and the opposition attacked it for not being expansionist enough. That's the way to win votes. But the wage claims are piling up in the old familiar manner and I've just seen the latest figures for the value of the pound. It was worth fifteen shillings threepence in March this year, compared with sixteen shillings twopence in March two years ago. Inflation has been scotched, not killed.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

You're Sick, Sick, Sick

Among the dangers of what Mr. Thomas Griffith calls our "waist-high culture" is the possibility that vulgarized versions of scientific and quasi-scientific speculation, preached by their popularizers as Absolute Truth, may lead a vaguely-literate population into profound personal and social errors. It is indeed bliss to be ignorant of sham revelation; and an illiterate Portuguese fisherman or a hard-worked Japanese farmer may be better protected against certain follies, by books being sealed to him, than an American ex-urbanite with a college degree, an amorphous desire to be "aware" of the latest intellectual fads, and a membership in a book club.

For a good many years, Dr. Harry Overstreet has been educating us adults, and telling us precisely what the Mature Mind ought to think. If you don't agree on every question with Mr. Overstreet, you have an Immature Mind. Or maybe you're downright cracked. In his latest popular tract, Mr. Overstreet instructs us in *What We Must Know about Communism*. A good many folk who for a long time have declared "No enemies to the Left" now are climbing on that "Know Your Communism" bandwagon.

Pure Overstreet Doctrine

My present purpose, however, is not to examine Mr. Overstreet's latest book, but rather to touch upon a general thesis which runs through his writings: that whatever Harry (or Bonaro) Overstreet says is the Scientific Real McCoy, and that you must be stupid, crazy, or wicked if you dissent from Pure Overstreet Doctrine. That hundreds of thousands of people seem to have taken Mr. Overstreet seriously is one symptom of the shallowness of American education.

I take my text from Holy Writ,

New Style: that is, *The Great Enterprise*, by Dr. Harry Overstreet; and I am charmed by this passage:

A man, for example, may be angrily against racial equality, public housing, the TVA, financial and technical aid to backward countries, organized labor, and the preaching of social rather than salvational religion. . . . Such people may appear "normal" in the sense that they are able to hold a job and otherwise maintain their status as members of society; but they are, we now recognize, well along the road toward mental illness.

Mr. Overstreet is a vulgarizer; and this concept that people who are not Guaranteed Liberals must be candidates for a strait jacket is derived from the writings of certain American "behavioral social scientists"—who, however, usually disguise this blunt conclusion in jargon. As a way of injuring the reputation of persons who oppose your ambitions or disagree with your brand of politics, this "you're mentally sick" strategy has been much employed in recent years by members of Communist cells and fellow-traveling groups on American campuses. Shaking their scientific heads, and almost shedding scientific crocodile tears, these sporting professors will murmur mournfully of a conservative or religious or just plain scholarly colleague who stands in their way, "Poor Hokinson! He's a *very sick man*."

To avoid mental disorder, let Mr. Overstreet be your political mentor. An Overstreet chapter a day keeps the psychiatrist away. If you think, for instance, that TVA may have drowned more good land than it has compensated for by water-produced electrical current, you can't be right; you can't even be in honest error; you can't simply be ignorant; for you are indubitably reeling toward the booby-hatch. TVA is well-intentioned; therefore it is True and Perfect; and you, poor dissenting wretch, are a candidate for the state mental-

health program. For though—as Mr. Overstreet informs us elsewhere—there are no absolute truths in religion, there is absolute truth in Mr. Overstreet's personal ideology. The omniscience We Happy Enlightened deny to the Creator now has been acquired by Mr. Overstreet. "We now recognize" Mr. Overstreet's authority in all fields. Or aren't you one of us? Then you must be "well along the road toward mental illness."

The late Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, sometime president of St. Stephen's College, author of a score of influential books, and a preacher celebrated in America and England, was angrily against "the preaching of social rather than salvational religion." Not that Dr. Bell was uninterested in the problems of modern society; on the contrary, he was one of the most frank and penetrating analysts of Crowd Culture. But he refused to immanentize the Christian symbol, or to confound the ordering of the soul with the establishment of a total state, or to give to Caesar what is God's. Anyone who read or heard Canon Bell was inclined to think that he must be one of the sanest and most realistic men alive, integrated in his personality, no alienated man. But now We Overstreetites recognize that Canon Bell must have been well along the road toward mental illness, for he was so lunatic as to disagree with Dr. Overstreet on the purpose of the Christian religion. Being a mere doctor of theology, of course Dr. Bell had no warrant for dissenting from Holy Scientism as pronounced *ex cathedra* by Prophet Overstreet.

And there is one final proof that Canon Bell must have been mad as a March hare. For Canon Bell spoke blasphemously of Dr. Harry Overstreet, that vice-regent on earth of Divine Popularized Social Science. *Vox Overstreet, vox Dei*—if there were a deity. Or, as Winston Churchill said of an eminent Labor politician, "There, but for the grace of God, goes God." Canon Bell more than once declared that Dr. Overstreet was a fool and a malign influence. However did Dr. Bell keep out of an asylum? In the age which Mr. Overstreet thinks is dawning, perhaps Canon Bell wouldn't contrive to stay out.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

The Genius of Capitalism

ROBERT M. BLEIBERG

In his foreword to John Chamberlain's *The Roots of Capitalism* (Van Nostrand, \$5.00), Claude Robinson has observed with fine understatement, "Books that expound the desirability of Government organization of the economy appear to be in full supply." One thinks immediately of a great variety of works by such learned, urbane and utterly wrong-headed authors as Stuart Chase, Barbara Ward and John Kenneth Galbraith. The great bull market in left-wing economics apparently goes on and on. These days, one is tempted to add, a profit is without honor in its own country.

A few astute critics of ideas, however, refuse to concede that statism, the "mixed economy" or creeping socialism necessarily represents the wave of the future. One of the most eloquent of these is John Chamberlain, whose new book makes a vastly persuasive case for the theory and practice of private enterprise. Down through the ages, he shows, political liberty and freedom to "truck and barter" traditionally have repaired to the same philosophic standard. Both have made common cause against the tyranny of government, whether in the guise of the divine right of kings or the so-called welfare state. At the same time, capitalism has yielded mankind what even its critics concede to be an affluent society.

On the first count, as the author demonstrates impressively, human rights and property rights in the Western world have been linked inseparably since the early thirteenth century. The barons who wrested the Magna Carta from bad King John at Runnymede may have been concerned primarily with securing their status as nobles. At one stroke, however, they also succeeded in winning—and codifying—a number of fundamental rights for the lower orders. Thus, says Mr. Chamberlain, "Under Magna Carta, no freeman could be deprived of his freehold except by the 'law of the land.' All merchants were guaranteed safe and secure entry to or exit from England, with the right to tarry there and to buy and sell 'quit from all evil tolls.' Sheriffs and bailiffs were forbidden to take the carts or horses of freemen, or wood which was not theirs, or 'corn or other provisions . . . without immediately tendering money therefor.'" In short, five hundred years before the U. S.

Constitution and the Bill of Rights, men recognized the indissolubility of life, liberty and property.

In such hospitable political and philosophic soil, free enterprise has flourished ever since. Though the fact seems to have escaped most observers (with the honorable exceptions of General Francis Amasa Walker in the nineteenth century, and Ludwig von Mises in the twentieth), its particular genius has been technological advance. In a competitive market the goal of every entrepreneur, as the great and sadly neglected General Walker was among the first to perceive, is to increase profits not by raising prices but by cutting costs and expanding markets. Moreover, to the dismay of those who view the economic system as some kind of static model, the entrepreneur constantly is seeking to turn equilibrium into dynamic change in order to profit thereby. General Walker died in the age of the horse-and-buggy. However, as Mr. Chamberlain observes, he "cleared

the theoretical ground for Henry Ford in particular and for the American system in general."

By dint of what Mr. Chamberlain neatly calls "contrived fecundity"—a combination of scientific management, technical know-how and entrepreneurial daring—the U. S. has moved from one production miracle to another. Assembly-line output of Model Ts was just the beginning. Under the aegis of Henry Ford II, aptly enough, the moving belt was destined to yield to the completely automated line; as developed by such ingenious concerns as the Cross Company of Detroit, a fantastic series of machine tools, "as long as a football field," converts a cylinder block from the raw metal to "its finished state as



JOHN CHAMBERLAIN: ". . . whose new book makes a vastly persuasive case for the theory and practice of private enterprise."

a polished and purposeful thing—all without the intervention of a human hand." Though the author does not mention them, equally marvelous triumphs of the same kind have occurred outside the auto industry, notably in such electronic devices as tiny transistors (which replace vacuum tubes for many purposes) and giant brains.

Despite all the prating about imperfect competition and administered prices, as Mr. Chamberlain demonstrates, the blessings of contrived

fecundity, to wage earner and consumer alike, have been enormous. To woo its customers, "big industry has put on a dazzling show of price reduction over the years," in such products as aluminum, rubber tires, gasoline, cellophane, nylon and the whole spectrum of antibiotics. Just the other day, under heavy competitive pressure, the domestic can manufacturing industry, an oligopoly if ever there was one, was compelled to cut its prices. In short, if inflation continues to threaten the U. S. today, the blame cannot be laid to Detroit or Pittsburgh. Left to its own devices, industry, as history shows, continually would be lowering, not raising, prices.

AS ALL the foregoing suggests, this is a book which takes a sweeping view of ideas and men. In the limited span of 200-odd pages, Mr. Chamberlain also offers the reader a brief but enlightening guided tour of the highlights of economic thought, ranging from Adam Smith to the late Lord Keynes; a penetrating critique of the critics of private enterprise, from that eminently successful mill owner and muddled reformer, Robert Owen, to New Dealers such as Gardiner Means; as well as a trenchant commentary on the role of labor unions in the free society. In covering so much ground, the author necessarily makes broad statements to which some might take exception; others, as he says, may consider the book "an indefensible mixture of technology and theory." However, for his unique approach to the subject, which is that of a skilful journalist rather than a professional economist, as well as for capitalism itself, Mr. Chamberlain makes no apology. Whatever their defects, both, he rightly feels, can stand on their merits.

As to the future, Mr. Chamberlain is optimistic—perhaps overly so. He is as well aware as anyone that capitalism in the U. S. is under heavy assault, and that effective defenders of the faith are few and far between. Nonetheless, he discerns a new and hopeful groundswell toward conservatism abroad, especially in Great Britain and Germany. The Old World, he seems to think, yet may redress the balance of the New. The welfare state eventually may yield to what he calls the welfare society, in which

such matters as social security, slum clearance and unemployment would be left to private rather than public initiative. That happy event may be

a long time coming. However, by writing *The Roots of Capitalism*, John Chamberlain undoubtedly has helped to speed the day.

Germany and the West

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ON ITS SURFACE, William S. Schlamm's *Germany and the East-West Crisis: The Decisive Challenge to American Policy* (McKay, \$3.95) is a book about the key position of Germany in the Cold War. As information, the volume is an indispensable compendium of social facts. Mr. Schlamm, a sensitive traveler, takes us on a guided tour of the West German "economic miracle," with stops (by night) at theater, cinema, "literary cabaret" and radio studio, and with appropriate interludes spent on investigation of such things as the problem of juvenile delinquency, the constitution of the West German press, the political character of Der Alte Adenauer, and the sudden emergence of pragmatism as the working philosophy of a nation that was once incurably doctrinaire.

But all of this, as it happens, is the surface. Mr. Schlamm's real subject is the plight of Western Man, which is only incidentally exhibited by the equivocal position of the people of the West German Republic in a world where the Cold War rages not only for the possession of Berlin but for the soul of the individual himself. The Germans, as Mr. Schlamm says, must be won for the West—and to win them permanently we must enable the free Germans somehow to repossess their whole country up to the Polish border. But to gain the Germans as fighting allies in the center of Europe we must first convince them that we believe in ourselves. Which, of course, is precisely what we do not do.

The reason, in Mr. Schlamm's opinion, resides in the peculiar fact that we are actually half in love with the basic values of Communism. We are addicts of what Mr. Schlamm calls "scientism." Scientism in its sociological projection is the belief that man is a creature to be manipulated and conditioned by a planning elite for his own comfort. Moscow accepts

the postulates of scientism wholeheartedly; the West, only halfheartedly. But our lukewarmness in this matter keeps us in a teeter-totter condition. We neither beat the enemy nor join him. Meanwhile, the enemy subtly moves around our flank.

INASMUCH as his deeper subject is the Cold War in the soul of Western Man, Mr. Schlamm pays little respect to geographical boundaries in his book. There is a chapter on the atomic "scandal," for instance. The "scandal" in question is not the belief, held in certain scientific quarters, that strontium 90 is being released into the air in amounts that may do violence to the germ plasm of certain individuals in years to come. That may very well be true. But what if, in the interests of saving a few babies in the year 2000 A.D., we were to let the Communists march way ahead of us in atomic armament now? A war lost to Moscow would mean a massacre of living American fathers, not of unborn babes. Because of an exaggerated fear of strontium 90, are we prepared to lose our historic identity as a free people? The true "scandal," says Mr. Schlamm, is that certain American scientists consider the freedom of 160 million Americans less important than an indeterminate risk to the germ plasm of, say, 160 or even 1,600 individuals the day after tomorrow.

What has this got to do with Germany? Well, the West Germans, as Mr. Schlamm reports, tend to take their cue, culturally, from what Americans are saying and doing. The Germans aren't writing their own books and plays; they are reading and viewing ours. And they have a daily newspaper press that was created in the image of 1946, when the Young Lions of the "occupation" were bent on winning Germany, not for individualism and the "free social market" of Dr. Ehrhard, but for So-

cial Democracy's own brand of "scientism" and "social planning."

Mr. Schlamm's prescription in foreign policy is for an American-German alliance dedicated to forcing the Communists to evacuate their "stolen" province of East Germany. Strong stuff in an era that has given up on the idea of East European liberation. Does this make Mr. Schlamm a "pro-German" and a "warmonger"? As to the former, Mr. Schlamm presents his credentials: he is an Austrian by birth, an American by adoption, and an anti-Hitlerite of long standing (to escape Hitler, he fled from Prague on the evening of the Nazi invasion, crossing Germany in a plane with a vial of poison as "insurance" in case of a forced landing within the confines of the Third Reich). No, Mr. Schlamm, who vastly prefers the mountains of Vermont, the elegance and wit of Paris, the sun of the Mediterranean or the "heartbeat and beauty" of Rome to anything in Germany itself, cannot be condemned of *Deutschland uber alles* sentiments. As to the canard that he is a warmonger, consider—

1. Yes, he is for the use of latent force to the end of unifying Germany under the legitimate Bonn government. But he would not set a time for "throwing the switch" on force; he would simply follow the practice (exploited so successfully by the Soviets) of progressively compounding the diplomatic demands on the enemy. In brief, he would commit the indelicacy of actually fighting the Cold War as a Cold War. Let Moscow shiver in its boots for a change.

2. Far from bringing us closer to Hot War, Mr. Schlamm thinks the bold policy would render such a conflict less likely. The Communists, he surmises, will dare an atomic holocaust only on conviction that they

can win. And the more pusillanimous the West, the stronger the conviction in Moscow that central Europe can ultimately be had with a limited show of arms. If the West gives ground on Berlin, Khrushchev will step up his demands elsewhere. That, as Mr. Schlamm cogently informs Walter Lippmann, is the nature of the beast. Somewhere along the line Khrushchev will miscalculate by provoking the West into actual battle. But the war will then be fought on Khrushchev's geographical terms, not ours. Central Europe—indeed, Europe as a whole—will be gone.

Mr. Schlamm's book differs from the ordinary work on foreign affairs in that it has profound cultural and spiritual dimensions. It is a work of passion in the good sense. Mr. Schlamm thinks people ought to say

what they mean and mean what they say, and that they should stand accountable for their words. When a President of the United States remarks that war is "unthinkable," Mr. Schlamm, taking him at his word, attributes it less to inarticulateness than to a flabby pacifism. I am not sure he is right in this instance, for it is inconceivable that Eisenhower, a soldier, would not choose to fight if America were pressed too hard. But Mr. Schlamm is correct a million times over when he accuses the West of having forgotten the sources of its own traditions. Our ambivalence about scientism betrays us into cloudy formulations and into a passionless drift. Lukewarmness is everywhere.

And that, as the passionate Mr. Schlamm sees it, is the really overriding scandal of our day.

A Conservative Odyssey

E. MERRILL ROOT

TO BE practical we must put first things first. The first of all things is this: "In the beginning was the Word"—and therefore the word. Every error in action begins as a fallacy in philosophy, while every great action begins as a straight thought.

Conservatives, by definition, conserve reality—and, by so doing, think straight. But often we do not realize the full logic of our position: that, for all effective action, the word comes first, the deed second. Too often we begin with politics, whereas we should begin by changing the climate of our culture. We can win in politics only as, in the minds of men and the spirit of the nation—in art, in philosophy—we restore a climate of thought where, after the fogs of "liberalism" and the 50 below zero of collectivism, the sun of reason shines and the winds of freedom blow.

Therefore it is good to read *The Evolution of a Conservative* by William Henry Chamberlin (Regnery, \$4.50), which deals with the philosophy of conservatism. Chamberlin traces for us, through his intellectual autobiography, his discovery that a wrong philosophy fails because it is discordant with reality, and that a true philosophy works because it is harmonious with reality. (This is not

pragmatism. Pragmatism says, "It is true because it works." Reason says, "It works because it is true.") Chamberlin here demonstrates that conservatism works because it is real.

He begins by confessing that once, in his exuberant youth, an enthusiastic Liberal, he sympathized with what he thought was a generous explosion of human freedom in Russia. Rightly he traces this fuzzy enthusiasm to a lack in his education. "Without wishing to repudiate personal responsibility . . . I think that part of the explanation may be found in the deficiencies of my educational background." His excellent schools, his excellent college, did not provide

a single course that gave me any deep insight into the nature and possible abuses of political power. . . . Nor did my instruction in economics leave me with any strong conviction about the desirability of individual property ownership, not only as a stimulus to efficiency, but also as a means of avoiding a concentration of state power, through nationalization, that would be a serious threat to individual liberty.

Such words are a finger of light on a basic lack. He sees also that the bleak folly of Wilson's involvement in World War One, and youth's disillusionment with a blood-bath to make

Any book reviewed in this Book Section (or any other current book) supplied by return mail. You pay only the bookstore price. We pay the postage anywhere in the world. Catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER

Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.
The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail
Service representing all U.S. publishers

the world "safe for democracy," had much to do with his rebellious liberalism.

Chamberlin went to Moscow. There, with a Russian wife who helped him by her ability to speak with the people in their native tongue, he turned his face again toward the light. His evolution was partly a gradual accumulation of disillusioning data, partly a deep spiritual mutation or leap into new dimensions. There are no more cogent indictments of Communism than these lucid pages. And his account is alive because it is a commentary on his own intellectual rebirth—tangible, concrete, personal.

Chamberlin traces his further evolution. He examined the alternatives to Communism, which seek to realize its essential ends by repudiating its essential means. He examined socialism. He found that it avoids the drastic horror but establishes a drab monotony which ends in a gray apathy. He studied contemporary "liberalism." He found it like a child who uses his father's name to forge his father's checks and dissipate his heritage. He saw it dead by its own self-repudiation, though it still tries to walk about in a *danse macabre*.

Thus he advanced into conservatism. He shows that conservatism is conservation: as the conservationist preserves our soil, the conservative preserves our soul. The preservation of soil and soul, based on living traditions, fundamental values, realities that endure and abide, a wisdom about first and last things, is the great shield of liberty.

This leads him to America. He studies what is right with America, and what is wrong with America, and with wise insight rediscovers the amazing, bold creation of the Republic—a miracle that fails only as we fail it. He shows the noble creativity of the Founding Fathers. He renews the reality of the checks and balances they set up against the State become Leviathan or the "factions" that seek to destroy the organic life of the nation by partial advantages. Most excellently, he says:

... where America has remained most loyal to the principles of its Constitution, it has achieved its greatest successes. Its greatest failures have occurred when these ideals have been forgotten and when the characteristic early American conception, individual

Random Notes

Eugene O'Neill's last remaining unpublished play, *More Stately Mansions*, will be produced in Stockholm next season. The fourth of an unfinished cycle of plays, to which *A Touch of the Poet* also belongs, *More Stately Mansions* was discovered by accident in the Eugene O'Neill collection in the Yale University Library. Although the playwright thought he had destroyed the manuscript prior to his death, his widow, Mrs. Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, has authorized the production.

The Daughters of the American Revolution (who, at their recent convention, adopted a resolution strongly denouncing cultural-exchange programs) are considering a ban on concert appearances by musicians from Communist countries in Washington's Constitution Hall.

An extraordinarily compact little volume, consisting entirely of quotations from official government documents on Commu-

nism, has been issued by The Bookmailer for three dollars. Entitled *For the Skeptic* and edited by Lyle H. Munson, it provides in a couple of hundred pages a distillation of tens of thousands of pages of Congressional Investigating Committee hearings.

Variety estimates that Sol Hurok and ANTA, sponsors of the Bolshoi Ballet, will net \$150,000 from its eight-week tour—despite expenses running well over \$125,000 a week (including \$50,000 a week guaranteed to the Soviet enterprise).

A contract for a movie based upon his life has been signed by Fidel Castro with a Hollywood producer, Jerry Wald. Castro will give Wald all assistance in Cuba, including use of the Cuban army. He has expressed the desire that his part be acted by Marlon Brando, the script be written by Ernest Hemingway, and his brother Raúl be portrayed by Frank Sinatra. F.S.M.

liberty plus individual responsibility, has been replaced by faith in the omnipotent, omniscient, omnicompetent state.

He discusses the mistakes of Marx, the power to tax which is the power to destroy, the UN as the symbol of futility, the cacophony of atonal music. He balances these accentuations of the negative by upholding baseball and projecting a Conservative Manifesto. He ends with a personal and autobiographical note, which gives the book organic vitality.

THE VALUE of the book? Here is the personal evolution of a foremost conservative writer, a man of candor, wisdom, charm, in a style that flows and glows. It shows once and for all that while one may begin as a generous liberal one need not end as a confused yet rigid "liberal." Seek the truth—and it will lead you to the woods of freedom that are lovely, dark and deep, and to the loam of

reality whence the good wheat may grow. As a part of all he met in several crucial decades, Chamberlin touches the journalism of the days with the eternalism of wisdom's commentary. Conservatives will prize it as the stuff of sanity; "liberals" should read it as an alarm clock to punctuate their complacent sleep and mark their renaissance into dawn.

If there is any lack, it is that Chamberlin does not explore the metaphysical roots of conservatism. The candle, the gas lamp, the Mazda are successive stages, each a temporal status quo; *light* is the essence which gives to each relative anode its absolute value. We must distinguish the *potentia qua* (the changeless source whence all changes flow). We need to root conservatism in the metaphysical, the transcendental.

But meanwhile let us be thankful and joyous for this wise, sound, beautifully written book on the physics of conservatism.

Theater

Arthur Miller in Moscow

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

THE NINETEENTH of February dawned like any other in Moscow. Cold, overcast and lonesome. Even a glance at the vast schedule of theater performances failed to yield anything promising. The Uzbeks had crowded the Ulanovs off the stages. The only thing that looked interesting was an item near the bottom of the broadside. "*Vid s mosta*" it read. If that didn't mean much, the name of the author—Artur Miller (in transliteration)—did. So, in spite of my wishes to avoid enriching Mr. Miller in any way, I turned to the expressionless faces of Intourist with a request for a ticket.

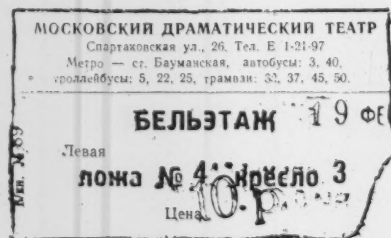
With an efficiency so dear to the world's first socialist state (building Communism), Intourist presented me with a certificate stating that I had paid eleven rubles (ten for the ticket and one for a bit of capitalistic scalping) for a ticket to the Soviet premiere of *A View from the Bridge*. All that was left to do was to present the certificate at the box office of the Moscow Dramatic Theater and get my seat. It turned out to be on the left side, in soft seat No. 3 of Loge 4 of the Bel Étage, and I was told it was the last seat available and therefore it wasn't as good as they would like a "guest" to have.

The audience at the opening was a colorful one. That is, the color range included hues other than black, gray and dark blue. There was even one young lady in a black dress with gold trim. In addition, she had cut it (it could not have been made by a dress-maker) so that her collarbones were exposed for their entire length. This was one of the more pleasant views from the Bel Étage. Also she had an early Brigitte Bardot hair-do. Her escort was in the uniform of the day—a box-cut double-breasted suit and crepe-soled shoes.

A Chinese gong signaled the beginning of the play. Then there was a bit of Seeger-type guitar music, and the curtains parted on a scene of squalor and misery typical of America. The home of a dock-worker, bare of everything save a table and a rock-

ing chair, was framed in the steel cables of some bridge or other. The Greek-tragedy-type interlocutor informed us all (in faultless Russian) that he was a lawyer and "a real American" and that he was proud to live in the neighborhood once honored by Al Capone and a certain Mr. Frankie Yale. He looked more like Arthur Miller than Miller himself does. After his boastings about being a Capone fan, he exited (not to the wings but to the side of the stage) and we were able to meet Eddie (accent on the last syllable), the bundle of confused sexual drives who was the hero of the piece.

Eddie entered his worker's hovel and whipped out a copy of the *London Mail* which is, as is well known, the favorite reading matter in Red Hook. The usual Miller chit-chat followed, with Eddie finally telling his



Mr. Jacobs' ticket for the Miller play at the Moscow Dramatic Theater

daughter (and it was obvious even then that he had a yen for her) that if he wanted to see movie stars he would go to the kino. (This must have been an extra speech added for the Moscow company because it was not in the London version.) Of course, she wasn't really his daughter and that was later made fairly clear, but in the first scene the viewers were treated to the prospect of incest along with the positive assurance of homosexuality.

The play worked its weary and uninteresting way up to the arrival of the two "submarines" from Sicily. They were guided to Eddie's diggings by a zoot-suiter with a pencil moustache (a typical American type even

though he said not a word) who demanded money for showing them the way. Once inside, the blond Sicilian began singing a guitar piece that sounded like pure Pugwash. (In London, he sang "Paper Doll.") The unnatural desire of man for man snapped electrically across the Moscow stage.

Eddie struggled for an endless time between his desire for his daughter (who wasn't really his daughter) and his desire for the *blondinka*. So he, of course, went to see Mr. Miller, the lawyer. Mr. Miller told him he couldn't do anything. Eddie agreed and cursed the fates who had made him a *macoronik* (in London, he was a "patsy," but I guess it's about the same). By this time he obviously had about as much audience sympathy as any character who ever pounded a *Sukin syn* into Moscow boards. Think of his misery: an exploited American worker who wasn't even an American! And besides that, he couldn't lift a kitchen chair off the floor.

The second act showed us that we had placed our faith in the wrong man. Eddie turned out to be a tool of the monopolies. He informed on the "submarines," and the dreaded operatives of the Immigration Service came to Red Hook to spread terror and even more misery—though God knows there was already enough misery in Red Hook to satisfy a Dickens.

The Immigration police were typical American secret service men. They wore light-colored trench coats and snap-brim hats. Everyone trembled, or screamed, or ran, at the very sight of them. They worked over Red Hook without a warrant and came up with a whole passel of "submarines" and left a trail of misery in their path.

Meanwhile, I should add, Eddie had come home to find his daughter (or non-daughter) in a rather compromising situation with the *blondinka*. He resolved this one (even after his daughter had exhibited a wedding ring—which was not exhibited in London) by kissing the blond Sicilian boy. The dear lady next to me in the Bel Étage shouted, "Oi! Oi! And he with a wife!" Miller had made a great score.

The high point of the play was the conversation at the Brooklyn jail where the "submarines" were in dur-

something (I suspect it was dismemberment and not simply deportation). The conversation there deserves quoting, as it was quoted for the Moscow audience:

Marko: He abased my brother. My own blood.
He has taken food from my children. He ridicules my labor. I want to work!
Lawyer [the Miller type]: *Da, I know.*
M.: Isn't there a law for that? What is the law?
L.: *Nyet.*
M.: I don't understand this country.

Well, Eddie got his, and the lawyer put on his trench coat and snap-brim hat and said, "That is the end of our little story. Good night."

I was ready for a little fresh night air. The ways of the first socialist country in the world (building Com-

munist) still impeded me, however. There was the wardrobe rush. It is in the wardrobe rush that one sees the Muscovites at their worst. I have been jabbed and pushed by experts at the Bolshoi and the Kirov theaters, but the warriors of the MDT can hold their own with the best.

When I did get out, bruised and bleeding, into the crisp evening of February in Moscow I began to try to picture the author of this piece. The only picture I could see was of someone who had been nurtured on all the Soviet conceptions of America. The piece could have been written by a party hack who had never left Moscow and never seen an American newspaper. I hope Mr. Miller will be permitted to enjoy his royalties in the locality where they were earned.

Communism preferable to physical death by combat because he believes man to have no moral dimension.

M. S. EVANS

PUCCHINI: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by Mosco Carner (Knopf, \$7.50). For 500 wholly devoted yet temperate pages, Mr. Carner explores the temperament, fortunes and musical produce of the most popular operamaker of his day, and the result seems as close to justice as human frailty can come. Sensual, deeply melancholic, Tuscan to the marrow, Puccini once wrote that the essence of his ambition as an artist was "to make people weep." This he certainly did, and continues to do, half a century after his creative crest. Whether the operas he wrote in order to do so are less artful or original than those of Strauss, or Debussy, or any other contemporary, is really irrelevant. At least half a dozen times he put his theatrical cunning at the service of music that easily makes up in emotional heat what it may lack in intellectual finesse, historical necessity, or refinement of taste. As long as music is more than a marvelous craft, it seems safe to say he will not be dispensable.

R. PHELPS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MAURAUDERS, by Charlton Ogburn Jr. (Harper, \$4.50). "Thriller" is a word usually applied to mysteries—undeservedly, often as not—but it is the appropriate adjective for this account of Merrill's Marauders. Little-known, and, in the over-all action of World War II, of small importance, the campaign in Burma was nevertheless second to none in gruelling hardships, danger and death. Numbering less than 3,000 to begin with, Merrill's all-volunteer (for "a dangerous and hazardous mission") force endured five months of almost constant combat inside enemy territory, battling not only the Japs but also the enormous difficulties of jungle, disease, and mismanagement by General Stilwell's headquarters. (Worst of all was the never-ending uncertainty of what might be around the next bend in the trail, and it is that feeling which Mr. Ogburn, who fought through it all, manages to convey so vividly.) Recruited originally for a one-shot, three-month penetration of northern Burma, Stilwell employed the Marauders, his *only* American infantry, as a spearhead for an entire campaign, pushing them until, with the bitter and exhausted survivors near mutiny, the unit literally disintegrated. Even then the much-deserved praise

never came, and the force was ignominiously disbanded. If this tale is a tribute to American guts, it is also a serious blot on our command record.

J. P. MCFADDEN

COMMON SENSE AND NUCLEAR WARFARE, by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). Lord Russell professes reverence for suffering humanity, but in truth he holds the species of man in utter contempt. Witness the fact that in the last fourteen years of open contest between Communism and the West—encompassing mass enslavement and killing on a scale previously beyond imagination—he has been unable to determine which side is at fault. Rating the issues of freedom and slavery as "unimportant," he tells us that the great thing is to concentrate on the interest that all nations have in common: to survive. While this appeal is couched in terms of compassion for mankind, it stems from feelings of exactly the opposite sort. At one point Lord Russell refers to his fellow humans as "the animated lumps that disgrace a certain planet." Precisely because he believes men to be "animated lumps," he assumes that they can have no goals transcending biological persistence. He finds moral death by

A WORLD WITHOUT JEWS by Karl Marx

The first book presentation in English of Karl Marx's startling theories about Jews and Judaism. This little work became the fountainhead of anti-Semitic action in Germany and present-day Soviet Russia.

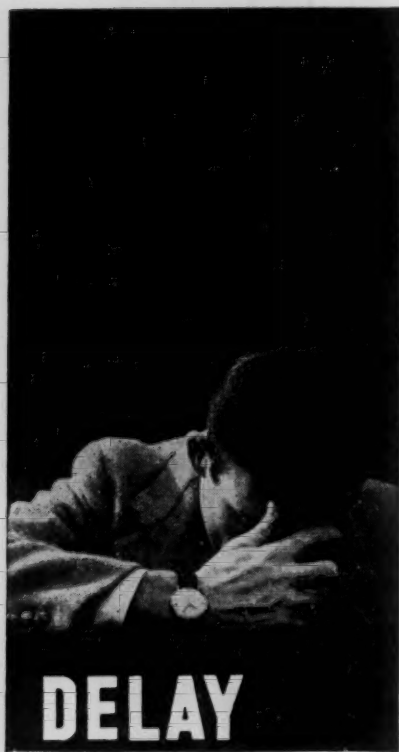
A fascinating and revealing document with explanatory notes by the distinguished philosopher, Dagobert D. Runes. **\$2.75**

You can expedite shipment by enclosing remittance.

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, INC.

15 East 40th Street

New York 16, New York



DELAY IS CANCER'S FRIEND

Cancer needs time to develop. The more time you give it, the less curable it becomes. Of the 255,000 Americans struck down by cancer last year, 75,000 died needlessly—enough to populate an entire city the size of Racine, Wisconsin or Santa Monica, California. These patients could have been saved if they had sought diagnosis and treatment in time.

Cancer research can be delayed too . . . by insufficient funds. The sooner you give . . . the more generously you give . . . the greater will be the attack against the nation's number two killer among diseases.

Be cancer's enemy . . . act now.

**GUARD YOUR FAMILY—
FIGHT CANCER WITH A
CHECKUP AND A CHECK**

Send your check to "Cancer,"
c/o your local postoffice.



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

To the Editor

The Unbalanced West

"The Week" [May 9] says: "By making some sort of dramatic Berlin move on May 27, Khrushchev would prove himself 'a man of his word'—and at the same time catch the West completely off balance."

Since "off balance" is the habitual posture of the West, I was reminded of a news item which appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* about a year ago concerning Hogben, the British mathematician and Socialist. Hogben had been brought before a British magistrate on a charge of drunken driving. The arresting officer testified that Hogben "walked as if drunk." He was acquitted because his attorney was able to prove that Hogben always walked as if he were drunk.

My hunch is that on May 27 Khrushchev, definitely drunk, will simply fire the starting gun for the Unbalanced Sweepstakes, for which the West will provide the entire purse—from our Unbalanced Budget, of course.

Los Angeles, Cal.

W. F. MAHER

Delinquency and Diet

Ernest Van den Haag's discussion of the "beat" generation [April 11] is good.

He writes: "There remains a vexatious question: why this now?" There is another more basic reason that he did not give. As a biochemist . . . I believe the basic cause is in low quality diet. You look into the diet of these "beatsters." Believe me, you raise a child on buns and hamburgers, white bread and hot dogs, ice cream and cokes, and you end up with a juvenile delinquent on your hands. When the quality of the diet declines, the person is not able to think straight. . . .

A small people go into new land. The soil is in balance and healthy. With that high quality food, they build a civilization. Population increases; farming practices become worse; the soil gets out of balance or "sick." Our opening of new land ended in about 1920. Since then large amounts of artificial fertilizer have been applied. . . . In addition, the processing of foods for sale through supermarkets, and for easier prepara-

tion for the table, has made the United States the greatest consumer of stale food in history. . . .

When the soil is unhealthy, the individual eating the products of that soil becomes unhealthy, not only in body, but also in mind.

Oak Park, Ill.

HAROLD N. SIMPSON

Poll-Tax for All?

In response to the statement of the Misses Oehrlein, O'Donnell and Mitchell ["To the Editor," April 11] that "to pay a poll-tax you have to have something in your pocket, not necessarily in your head," it is still valid in this welfare economy that the man with something in his pocket is more apt to have something in his head. Further, a willingness to spend money to vote is a greater indication of intelligence.

There should be a poll-tax for every vote cast in this country, no matter *by whom*. People who are stupid enough to stay home from the polls for no reason would be joined by those who don't feel a dollar or two should be wasted on a vote—and the genuine contributors to our country's welfare and economy would be greatly benefited.

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

ANNETTE REEVES

Mr. Lyons' Thesis, II

Of course, *American Opinion* has gone too far in one extreme, but I believe Eugene Lyons ["Folklore of the Right," April 11] has compounded the error by going too far in the opposite extreme. I agree with Lyons that the Communists would not initiate such happenings as the Hungarian revolt. The adverse effect on Communism throughout the entire world, as a result of this revolt, was too great to balance the good effect the Communists have derived from it. I agree that the average person, confronted with the stark realities of the revolt, cannot be expected to understand the subtle victory into which the Communists turned it. The Communists cannot take a chance on gaining power by such subterfuges; but that is not to say that, once the revolt took place, they could not turn it into a vehicle of Communist propaganda.

Whether we admit it or not, the

Free World has demonstrated a weakness to the millions of enslaved peoples. Debates in the UN do not alter the fact that Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America . . . broadcast a call to enslaved peoples to arise. Even if we never stated it explicitly, the people behind the Iron Curtain had every right to believe that we were morally bound to aid them in an attempted revolt. Now our quixotic position is exposed! Does Mr. Lyons deny that this is turning a defeat into victory by the Communists?

Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH R. SAPONE

I agree with Eugene Lyons. *Dr. Zhivago* is no more a Communist plant than the *Reader's Digest* (which from time to time prints highly harmful articles, e.g., Mr. William Hard's article three years ago advocating coexistence; the romanticized article in the current issue on Fidel Castro). But he weakens his case by implying that to doubt the genuineness of Tito's break with Moscow, or Djilas' with Tito, is akin to believing *Zhivago* is a plant. He took a good position too far.

New York City

FRANK STREETER

Mr. Eugene Lyons is essentially correct, and I commend the publication of his piece. Using the surrealistic arguments of *American Opinion*, I could prove as persuasively as it "proved" that *Dr. Zhivago* is a plot, that Joe McCarthy was a Communist stooge. Now you and I know that is ridiculous, but couldn't it be said that McCarthy divided Americans (a Communist goal); that he damaged the internal security system (our internal security is weaker than before McCarthy's days, because the Liberal

offensive against McCarthy kept up its momentum even after McCarthy died, as witness the Supreme Court decisions). There's no stopping it. True sophistication vis-à-vis Communism requires realism. If the Communists sponsored *Dr. Zhivago*, there would be cause for universal rejoicing; it could be proved they were cracking up.

New Orleans, La.

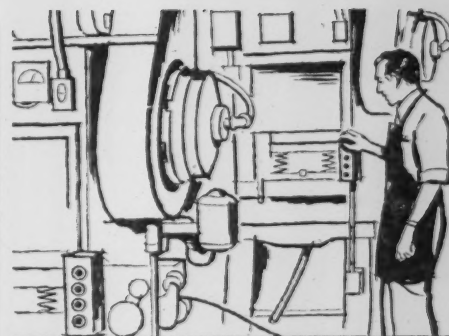
MARGARET HENICAN

Castro and Communism

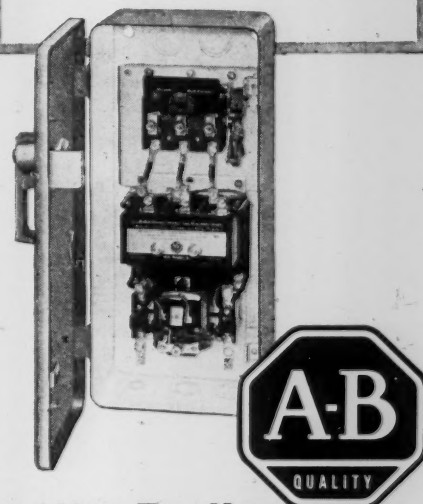
If Fidel Castro is not a Communist, he is at best a naive revolutionary being led down a primrose path to ultimate Communist tyranny. . . . Once again our nation yielded to the influence of the Liberal element which promoted a vigorous and concentrated campaign to sell Castro to the American people.

That Batista's record left much to be desired is not in dispute. That governmental reform was much in need is also not in dispute. But the myopic fear of a rightist dictator once again obscured the Liberal vision, and the specter of fascism soon melted before the pleasing quality of a "socialist liberator." Unfortunately, the Liberal still does not understand that Communism is nothing more nor less than fascism, plus the Communist ideology. . . .

As usual, while it may now be too late, the facts began to leak out. Someone suddenly discovered that while Castro was a guerrilla in the hills he insisted upon carrying out executions by firing bullets into the back of the brain—a trademark among Communists everywhere. Alberto Bayo, a veteran of the Communist forces in the Spanish Civil War, gave Castro's original 82 guer-



With men who
really know
motor control



...Allen-Bradley
is first choice!*

Consulting engineers, plant engineers, maintenance men, and electrical contractors, whose experience gives them the best "know-how" of motor control—consistently rate Allen-Bradley "first choice." The continuous record of trouble free performance, with millions of dependable operations, has earned A-B control this remarkable reputation. The simple one-moving-part design, the silver alloy contacts of all A-B control, the dependable overload relays . . . all assure trouble free operation.

It will pay you to *insist* upon A-B quality motor control.

*According to nationwide surveys

**ALLEN-
BRADLEY**
Quality
Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 1350 S. Second St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

MONDAY, MAY 18 8:30 P.M.

CRUSADE FOR AMERICA

an anti-Communist organization

PRESENTS

Barry Goldwater

United States Senator
and

William F. Buckley Jr.

Author, Editor and Lecturer

FREE ADMISSION — BRING YOUR FRIENDS

GARDEN CITY HOTEL, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

rillas their two months of intensive training in the arts and ruthlessness of the Communist style of insurrection. Raúl Castro, who completed his political education in Moscow, was greeted as "Comrade Communist" by the Communist radio station that began broadcasting two days before Fidel's victory.

The Cuban Communist Party has

been legalized and given the status of a political party under the name of the "Popular Socialist Party." The Communist papers *Hoy* and *Mella* are now circulating freely in Cuba. . . . At least sixty men who fought beside Castro have been jailed and are awaiting their fate for recognizing the tyranny of the new regime. . . .

The U.S. should loudly proclaim by word and deed that it will not tolerate a Communist regime in the Western Hemisphere.

Yonkers, N. Y.

VINCENT F. DECAIN

Horse Opera

How's Morse?

Much worse

What ('s) Morse?

Wayne (ing), of course.

What's source?

Luce horse.

Brightwaters, L.I.

C. PARKINSON

The Uncrushed Tattoo

In "Who's Delinquent?" in your March 28 issue, you state that the National Education Association has come up with a theory that children whose male kin are tattooed should be catalogued as incipient delinquents.

My father, an army officer, was a tattooed man. On his right forearm, the Crucifixion, on his left the American flag, with the motto "For This I Die." He died of injuries received at the battle of El Canay, Cuba, July 3, 1898. Shortly after, I had to go to work at age fourteen. In the intervening sixty years, I have been a sailor on a square rigger, a soldier in two armies (the U.S. and Canadian) a rider with the 101 Ranch Circus, an actor, an advance agent, a China Coaster, and am now retired as a fairly successful business executive—battered, but not delinquent. . . .

Hollywood, Fla.

CHAS. B. MCDONALD

P.S. I, too, am a tattooed man.

Fun is Fun

Re your recent reference to the riots at Yale: Yale Spirit egged on by youthful eggsuberance, a snow storm and winter-long eggasperation of Egghead Professors. Eggstended by eggssamples of Police eggstreme brutality eggsspresses eggssistance of Eggs-temporaneous Eggssersize. Eggsactly!

ROBERT R. CHAMBERLAIN

New Haven, Conn.

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. NATIONAL REVIEW reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at NATIONAL REVIEW will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

EXPERIMENT WITH SLEEP-LEARNING! Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalog, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

MAKE VACATION PLANS NOW! Worldwide service to suit individual requirements. Margaret Cone Travel Service, 520 5th Ave., N.Y. 36, OX 7-0796.

CAMP MARANACOOK FOR BOYS, Redfield, Maine. Three divisions, boys 6-16. Midst tall pines on Maranacook Lake. All water sports, campcraft, woodcraft, theater, library, tennis, basketball, baseball, archery, riflery, fishing, mountain and seashore trips under guidance of fine counselors. Screened cabins, hot showers, nurse and physician. Wonderful fun, excellent food. Sunday Protestant and Catholic services. All inclusive \$650, July 1-August 25. \$400 half season. State age, health, hobbies and time for personal interview. 52 years of distinguished records in safety, health and recreation. Directors: Dr. & Mrs. Edward Rager, 16 East 65th St., N.Y.C.

LIBERAL portions at conservative prices—The Mute Oxen Restaurant, 50 Clinton St., Brooklyn. ULster 5-6775.

ARTIST WANTED for large publication in New York City. Designer with general promotion background. To do direct mail brochures, presentations, lettering and black and white illustrations. State salary and experience. Box 5.

NATIONAL REVIEW readers will enjoy *The Wanderer*, conservative Catholic weekly that fights Liberalism in and out of the Church. Only \$4 a year. Write 128 East 10th St., St. Paul 1, Minn.

FREEDOM SCHOOL now accepting applications for enrollment in 1959 summer courses. Instructors include: Leonard Read, James M. Rogers, Frank Chodorov (advance course in history), James L. Doenges, Harry H. Hoiles, F.A. Harper, Percy Greaves Jr., Ruth Alexander, Louis G. Milione Jr., V. Orval Watts (advanced course in economics) and Rose Wilder Lane. Write Box 165, Colorado Springs, Colorado, for free descriptive folder.

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown, stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Co-manager, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300. Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

REPRINTS AVAILABLE of Russell Kirk's article "Students with Minds and Consciences." 15¢ each, 100 for \$10.00. Write Department R, National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

WHY NOT GIVE National Review to your local library, school, Rotary, Kiwanis? Only \$8.00 for first subscription, \$7.00 for each additional subscription. Address Subscription Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

GF

GENERAL FOODS DECLARES ITS 150th COMMON DIVIDEND

A dividend of 65 cents a share on the common stock will be paid on June 5, 1959 to stockholders of record at the close of business, May 18, 1959.

Leonard F. Genz, Secretary

GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
250 North Street, White Plains, N.Y.

GF's family of quality products includes
Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mixes
and Jell-O Chiffon Pie Filling.

another national review!

If you want a vigorous independent Tory approach to British politics with plenty of hard argument and excellent literary and other cultural features as well—buy the illustrated monthly

NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

edited by Lord Altrincham

This magazine is readable
It is original
It has influence

Subscription form —————

To: National and English Review
2 Breems Buildings
London E. C. 4 England

I enclose remittance of \$5.00 to cover
a year's subscription

Name

Address

.....

.....

William S. Schlamm

left *National Review* in the fall of 1957 to take
a close look at the new Germany. After more
than a year of travels and studies —
here is his report:

GERMANY AND THE EAST-WEST CRISIS The Decisive Challenge to American Policy

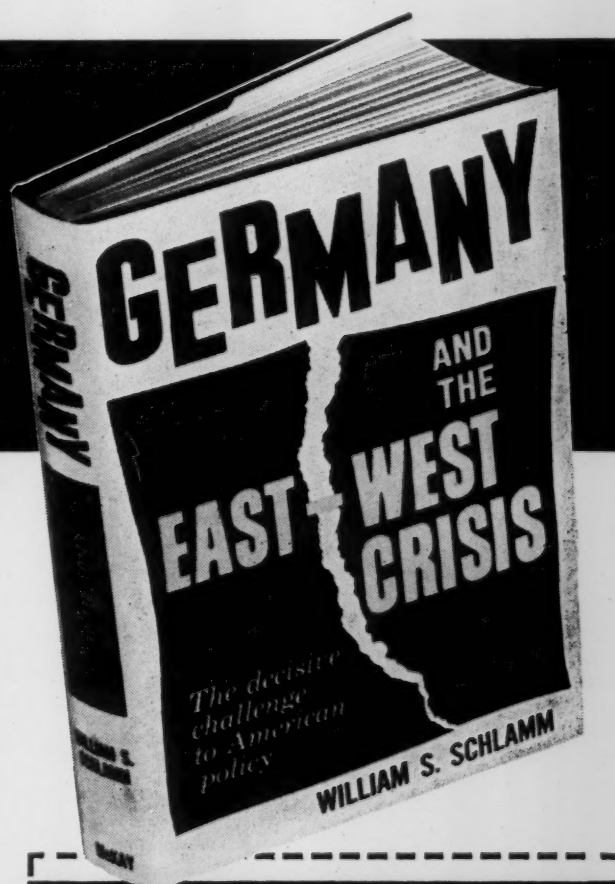
(Published by the David McKay Company, Inc., N. Y.)

■ Publication date is May 28, 1959 — but you may want to order your copy today. This might be the most-discussed book of the year. It is certainly the profoundest, most stimulating analysis of the gravest political crisis since the end of World War Two.

■ What and who are the new Germans? What is the Communist intent behind the artificial "Berlin crisis"? What will happen in Europe? Will there be a war? Can America hold its position on the Continent? What is the Communist timetable in Europe?

■ As the readers of *National Review* know, William S. Schlamm is one of those rare writers who, in full control of their material, cut through the conventional layers of cant and clichés to the essence — and make illuminating sense. His new book is the most important statement on the current world crisis.

At your bookseller, or ➡



Fill out - cut - and mail today!

David McKay Co., Inc.

119 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid _____ copy[ies] of GERMANY
AND THE EAST-WEST CRISIS at \$3.95 each. I enclose

☐ check ☐ money order for \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____